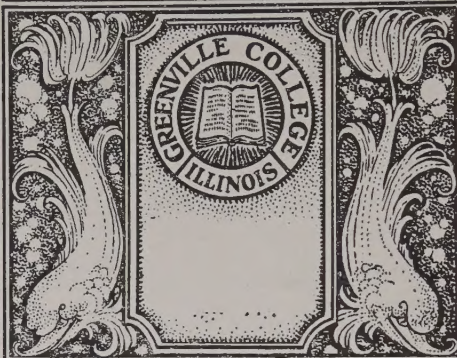


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England Beautiful



ALL SUNSHINE

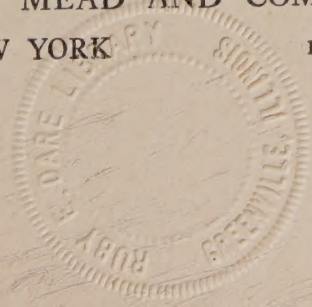
England Beautiful

BY
WALLACE NUTTING
Author of *States Beautiful Series*, etc.

PICTORIAL JOTTINGS HERE
AND THERE IN ENGLAND



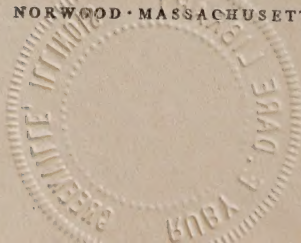
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FOREWORD

THIS royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

Act II. Scene 1, KING RICHARD II

ENGLAND is homeland for all Americans, even for those not of English stock. In our courts, our traditions, our aspirations as well as our language, we inherit the best of England.

With that splendid modern broadening of brotherhood, which recognizes no frontier, no ocean, as a barrier to community of ideas, of inventions, of learning, we are coming into a finer cosmopolitan fellowship, which interferes no whit with our love for America. Indeed we want for America every good, not only found in England but in any country. America will never be what it should, if a single moral or physical merit of England is barred out. In architecture and art the best of England is being reproduced here or brought here. People may go to Paris for a holiday; they go to England for the solid, the noble, the virile and pregnant ideas that have made and will make America great.

The mere passing of our fathers across the water from the homeland shall not cause us to relinquish any of that spiritual heritage which is ours. We are just as close to Shakespeare as if we had been born in Warwickshire. Indeed America is rightly required to share in those memorials at Stratford of that mentality which enriched us all.

[v]

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When I caress the boles of the vast beeches, or sweep a glance upward to follow a Gothic arch of old England, I feel them as completely mine as if the deed were delivered. Yes, more so, for the inheritance of ideas is a more inalienable title than any recorded in a musty registrar's office.

The hope of humanity is in the soul union of the English speaking races — races standing for growth based on an unshakeable foundation in justice, freedom, and the glory of the home. The greater brilliance of some other races we humbly acknowledge, but the steady plod-upward of the English race, conserving in its progress the things that matter most for humanity, can never be challenged.

Through age-long error, struggle, wrong, there yet is to be discerned a deep forward surge of human hope in those who have had or have adopted the English spirit. Much that is absurd, useless, even clogging, still abides in England, as in all old lands. But England and English ideals are perhaps the solitary human example in which adoption of new and splendid inspirations has not resulted in the loss of the good, the mighty, the romantic and beautiful that lie in the past.

Hence the American returns to England, even though he sets foot there for the first time. It is the birthplace of so much that his soul cherishes, and that makes him what he is, that he would be an orphan without England. There is not a stone, not a turf, not a slope, especially not a cottage, that we of America will willingly let slip from the hand of our love, from the body of our imaginings. Milton and Tennyson are as much the expression of America's high thought as of England's. It is a most happy augury of the infinite that there is no limit to the spread of a grand truth, a noble expression; and there is no thinning of an idea as it spreads. Indeed, taken up with avidity, much that is noblest in England has flowed in an even finer, deeper stream in America.

So the Pilgrim returns to his own, and Land's End is Land's Beginning. The massive castles, the village churches, the wide manors, the

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heart-holding cottages, blend in one splendid dream come true, the embodiment of most that we have hoped and all that we have loved of a civil society ensconced in an ideal setting. Such a cradle was needed to rock the infant America; it is a cradle for a great race, and it will be blessed in long after centuries.

Let less happy people who come to America adopt England as their mother. She is getting old, but, happily — such is her reincarnation in her children — she does not know it. She is wrinkled, but in every line there is a mark of heroism, or struggle, such that we would not remove it. Courage has been her dominating spirit, and while that remains she will abide to help us, the living source of what we love best.

WALLACE NUTTING

Framingham
Massachusetts

England Beautiful

England Beautiful



HOW TO KNOW ENGLAND

THERE are two ways of knowing England — by walking or by motoring. Trains are nearly useless in bringing the best of England, or of any country, to our knowledge. The Englishman loves walking tours. There are two objections to them. It would require more than one lifetime to see England on foot, and there are many regions made dreary by nature or by men.

One is amazed, coming from America, that he may motor by the middle route from Scotland into England and find stretches of moorland miles in extent without a dwelling. There are other such districts. There are other regions where men live in swarms, but where no prospect pleases. Much of the "black country," and here and there other manufacturing or suburban districts, are as tame, drab, and dismal as possible. Not all the English people show taste in their modern homes. If one were condemned to walk through all such neighborhoods in order to reach something worth while it would prove a severe penance.

Using a motor one may pause anywhere, leave the car to prove one still has legs, and return when weary. There is one, and only one unsatisfactory feature about a motor. The seats are low, and the hedges of England are high. Those lofty carts drawn by one horse have the advantage that one may look abroad almost as if on stilts, but the

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vehicle is uncomfortable except for short journeys. It also lacks the roominess of a motor, for all luggage (we must not say baggage now) should be kept with one all the time.

Any detail of the motor trip may be arranged to suit the taste or the purse of the traveler, but the first consideration is that two are a company on a long journey. A third should by no means be included unless a member of the family. The more the less merry. Too many tastes and oddities must be accommodated with a party of four or more. There is no conceivable method of travel as onerous and unprofitable as a large party, especially a conducted party. Two people as man and wife, or two very old friends, can do more with less friction than a larger number. But that couple is necessary. I would as soon stay at home as travel alone. In a party, the good people are continually sacrificing themselves and undergoing all sorts of discomforts, without complaint. These remarks are more applicable, of course, to motoring than to rail travel. One may buy a motor, little or big, or hire, either driving one's self or employing a driver. Of course no driver knows all England, and almost no driver takes one to see the best things, but only the conventional sights. Local drivers, while they know their own region perhaps may not know the car. If the car is driven by its owner much of the best in scenery is missed, unless a very slow rate is maintained.

The first determination should be to stop as soon as the slightest interesting object appears. The error is common of thinking there is something as good beyond. It may be as good, but different. In old cottages there are never two alike; landscapes and gardens are always unique. Get the beauties, the peculiar features, as you go. Cursory glimpses are not exposed to the brain long enough to make lasting impressions. One would think, to see people hurtling through a country, that they believed too much in their brains, requiring them to make snap shots in a fiftieth of a second.

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One of those little cameras which is made so as to record on the film the location at the time of making the picture is wonderfully convenient, and makes for accuracy and a fuller record. A picture recalls in a moment many features, the sketching of which would involve impossible delays.

Luncheon carried in the car is the proper thing, because it overcomes the temptation to hasten on to some large town, and to waste a long time waiting. Besides that, when one eats in the immediate presence of a landscape it sinks into the consciousness between mouthfuls. No inference as to the seat of the affections is to be drawn. Except in midseason it is unnecessary to make hotel reservations in advance. The worst of reservations is that it takes time and trouble to make them, and then more to cancel them, for one never knows in the morning what is before him. It will prove either more interesting than anticipated and hold one back, or tame and make one regret a reservation reached long before the day is over. It is wonderful how the innkeeper will exert himself to find good quarters if he sees his prospective guests retaining their luggage with their motor until they are satisfied. One is seldom too far to reach another inn.

The corridors and dining rooms of English inns are too dark, damp, and draughty to entice one indoors until entrance is necessary. It has occurred to us that the reason why English people are so much out of doors is that there is so little to induce them to stay within.

A dear friend has remarked to me that he does not believe the early English were ever warm except those martyrs burned at the stake. This is not so much an exaggeration as it may seem. But stay, two warm days we did encounter in England — days as humid and suffocating as anything eastern America can supply in August, and when it tries, beware.

Let us say a good thing, now, for the English climate. It is seldom debilitating. Almost every day one feels the stimulus to do something.

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This climate bred a fine race, even if some of them were dour. Do we ever think that very busy people cannot spend a long time in genuflections? One would not be far astray in declaring that there is as much real fellowship in a quick how-de-do as in a full procedure of approaches, encounters, withdrawals, and phrases which accompany some greetings while the weeds grow higher. This climate may render the Englishman somewhat short, but I think none the less of him for that. In an hour of leisure his conversation is mellow enough.

Of course it rains in England, in some places most of the time. But eastern England is much dryer than western, and tours are well planned that do not take one into Cornwall, Devon, and the counties of the west coast before June. May is the month for eastern England. Blossom time in England is about two or three weeks ahead of New England, hence the traveler should arrive by the middle of April. It is impossible to see all of England at its best in one season. But since the south and west are more rife with blossoms than other portions, they should be caught at their best. A tourist who attends strictly to seeing the country may be, and see much, in every county between the middle of April and the middle of October. Yes, he will know English landscapes and villages almost better than any Englishman who has not taken the same journey, and he will know them better than any American I have met. America is so very large!

Probably the best method, not only to learn the country but at the same time to acquire at least a touch of local feeling, is to make a good number of one-week stands or headquarters. The suggested points are Plymouth for Cornwall and southwest Devon; Taunton for the rest of Devon and for Somerset. These two are, all in all, perhaps the most important. Winchester or Salisbury may be chosen as a third. One may cover a radius of forty to fifty miles and include New Forest, Stonehenge, an excursion to the Isle of Wight, and, best of all, the dear little villages

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and cottages which are better than any of the famous places at the end of a journey. That idea needs to take possession of the traveler. He should find his own delights in England. He may start for some great thing, but happy is he if held up *en route* and ensnared by the charms of the wayside.

Tunbridge Wells may serve as a center for the heel of England, including the jewel of Canterbury. Of course in every region the cathedral will come in for visitation on the way to other objectives.

Possibly the traveler to England for the first time may want a week in London on account of its art, or for some reason not as good. Great cities are dreary and alike. The architecture of London is not its chief feature. The museums may fairly hold one for months, if their spell once begins to work. Perhaps the best way is to give a day to the city and two days to the country, thus preventing the weariness and forgetfulness of a continuous museum and gallery debauch. Such sprees are killing. Even a half day at a time is better; then a quick run by rail into the country headquarters, where the motor has been left. Not that one may not motor in London, but a continuance of such strenuous sport for two weeks takes too much time, and long dreary suburbs become hard to bear.

On the next range north, Cambridge, or Bury St. Edmunds on the east, Oxford at the center, and Worcester on the west, are excellent centers. The west of England is so thralling that this program does not satisfy me. Give us if possible a week each at Gloucester and Hereford. The best country in England, except its toe, is the border near Wales, all the way from Gloucester on the south to Chester on the north. So whatever happens let us have a week at Shrewsbury, the finest center in England for touring if one thinks of landscapes and old towns at once. Ludlow is a close second, and may be added to, substituted for, or shared with Shrewsbury.

In the north of England one may be happily busy at Lincoln, York,

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and Durham — a week each. This leaves out of account the lake country, about which I was never so eager as are the English. The region compares poorly with the best American lake districts. Besides, it is somewhat bleak, and lacks the great forests of many water centers in Maine, the Adirondacks, and districts of Michigan and Minnesota. The literary pilgrim, of course, follows the footsteps of Wordsworth around the lakes, and a tour through must be made to satisfy an exploring mind. They have not the features, especially, which make England dear and exquisite to an American. Lakes are rare in England. Americans, however, cannot find anything in their own country like the cottages of the Cotswold and Surrey, the cathedral villages, the castles and manor country of Warwickshire and Derbyshire, the shrines, set in otherwise perfect typical English country of Shakespeare, Bunyan, the Washingtons, and the Pilgrim Fathers.

We do, or should, go to England for what we cannot find at home. And there is so much that is different one cannot avoid a tendency to contempt for those who go there to hang about metropolitan hotels or watering places, to return as empty, as boring, as lacking taste and resources as when they set out. Having used months and millions they return cleaner of ideas than on departure, and open as a roosting place for any forlorn devil that happens along.

The expense of taking one's car to England is moderate if it is shipped uncrated. It may be driven to the pier, luggage and all, and all transferred to the liner as easily as to a train. Luggage should be kept to large hand cases. If two constitute the party, everything can be included in the tonneau. The rear luggage-carriers, on long, wet trips, will, after a while, tend to let in water, but, if necessary, they may be tolerable.

Companies in England make a business of supplying cars with or without drivers. This method is fully as expensive as taking one's own car, but has the advantage, sometimes questionable, of a combined guide and

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chauffeur. The third method, that of buying a car in England and selling it at the end of the tour, commends itself to some. In any case, the use of a doubtful second-hand car may prove a source of delay.

One also has the choice of employing some local person of intelligence above that of the usual chauffeur, to go about, a kind of guest, capable of pointing out and explaining lucidly the historic matters. This plan enables one to look and hear at the same time. It is always an error to read a guide book as one goes along. That should be done the previous evening, so as to leave one free to absorb with all the faculties. The absurdity of standing before some interesting object while burying one's head in a guide book, and scarcely glancing at the object, is too obvious and too common.

CULTURE FEATURES OF ENGLISH LANDSCAPES

MAP makers use the term "culture features" to denote whatever has been done to the surface of the earth. Thus roads, architecture, hydraulics, all come under this term. It is in this regard that the English land is supreme. In the early days, when improvements were local and wealth was not available, there was small power to shoulder Nature about and put her aside. Consequently the old parts of England show all improvements as features which nestle into the landscape without changing it materially. This is the charm, largely undefinable but everywhere evident, of English roads and architecture. The material for a dwelling was never brought from afar. Hence the dwelling appears as rising from the soil as if it grew.

Mud walls of cottages where clay was plentiful, and wood, for making bricks, dear; or, in other regions, Horsham slate, or cotswold stone, or

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brick entering into the edifices, are instances that readily suggest themselves. The dwellings soon attained a unity with the landscape. They appear not merely to belong where they stand, but seem always to have stood there, inseparable from their surroundings. The American home sometimes seems to have been set down on a spot foreign to it. Its granite or limestone or marble may have been transported half way across a continent.

Necessity was at the bottom of English culture features, and that necessity bred good taste. The wheat stalks which stood in the field were transferred to the thatch of the roof, the same golden color and material. One merely lifts his eyes from field to roof and behold! they are all one. A hominess of feeling results which is inexpressibly dear.

One sees a ledgy slope, and, lifting his eyes, the same ledge appears adapted for human habitation. Even the wavy roof-line arose from taking the oak saplings and laying them for a foundation of slate or tile, and the tremulous motion of an oak-shoot, shaped into a faint spiral by the wind, is translated into a roof retaining the history of the oak's experience.

Even the old window glass has a tint from the earth chemicals, and an iridescence reminiscent of sunsets transformed into permanent color. Thus the sod sometimes placed on the ridgepole and growing there, the waving grain, the oak by the door, the very stones and earth, are not cousins — they are blood brothers of the dwelling which shelters men who work on or among them. Lane's fine simile, in which he hears in a violin the humming of the wind and the thrum of the woodpecker on the maple of which the instrument is made, at once occurs to one who sees an English cottage. All its parts and its occupants are related to all around it, echoing it, recording it, and glorifying it.

Hardly less intimate is the form and material of the village church and even the cathedral. The adaptable workman's thumb, to which



A LACOCK OVERHANG—WILTSHIRE



LOW TIDE AT BOSCASTLE—CORNWALL



OAK COTTAGE—FIFIELD



ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT



MOUSEHOLE HARBOR



NEWLYN HARBOR—NEAR PENZANCE



WINCHESTER NAVE



OAK GLEN



TINTAGEL—CORNWALL



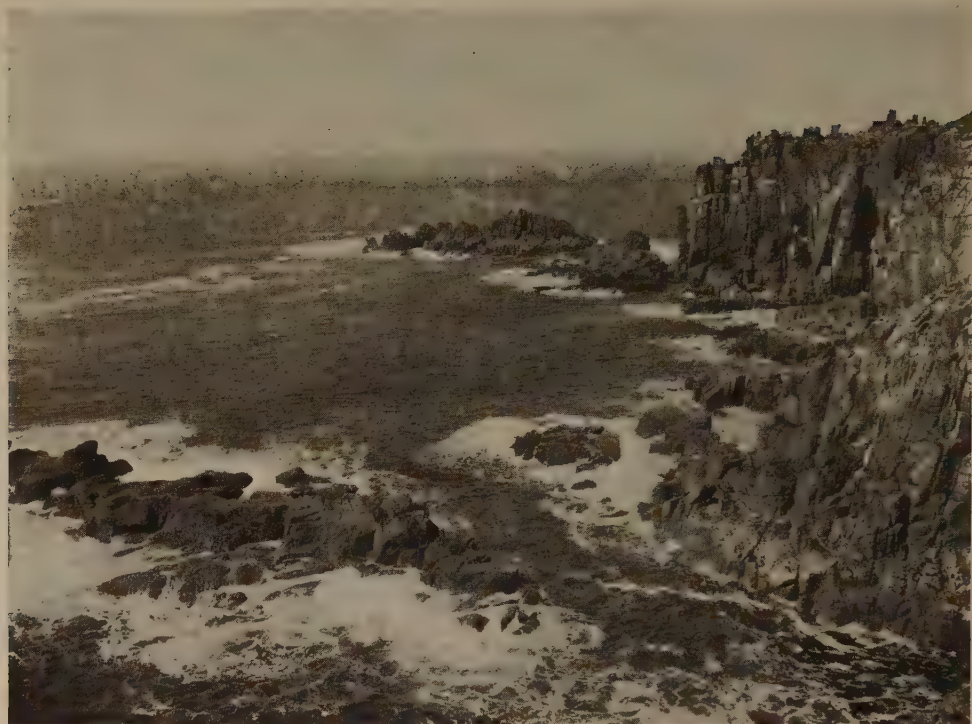
HILL BORN



A VALE IN ARCADY



ANCIENT HOUSE—TINTAGEL



LAND'S END—CORNWALL



CHURCH AND HOME—CARHAMPTON



KENILWORTH TOWERS



BLOSSOMSIDE



PENZANCE—CORNWALL

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George Eliot made a classic allusion, appears in the shapes of the stones. And the hopes and imaginations of the generations are all interlaced in rising spans, and the lights of the westering sun on the altar. The mysteries of those aspirations which moved the toilers are fixed, as prayers in stone, in all this multiform unity of structure. It blends their labors with their loves, until we feel the elements of the work all permeated with one spirit. We find the village church a call, like a beseeching for a spirit to dwell there, and the shape and ornamentation are all a blending of plans to make the divine Presence desire it. So the stones become vocal and the countryside sings, when it does not weep. The earth gets the stamp and the thought of the man who dwells on it, and the man becomes familiar, even brotherly, with the earth around him, coaxing its materials into harmony with his need, his love, and his faith.

The entire landscape is a mirror of the life today, and a green or gold history of the life that was. It is not perfect, but it is the result of "making the best of it." It is an honest monument of labor and thought carried on with little interruption for a thousand years. It is a blending of British, Saxon, and Norman habits. In short, it is England. It is the best there is as an expression of interaction between man and nature, where each is disposed to be reasonable and accommodating. When the rest of the world does as well, it will have done very well indeed.

If one is desirous of getting an atmosphere such that English history may reveal itself vividly, it is suggested that for one week at least one should find quarters in a large typical English farmhouse, really an old manor become a farm, somewhere off the beaten track where lodgers were never taken before. The method of substantial English life, its habits of thought, its moving spirit, its wide kitchens and ample boards, its setting as a center for humanity, will teach more of England in a week than some annual visitants ever learn. The springs of life are here, the backbone of England.

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It is true that the English are mostly tradespeople or manufacturers. But if one would know the England that was, the England of Shakespeare, the England of Elizabeth, it will be found not greatly modified in the life of rural artisans or solid farmers.

There is little that is picturesque or alluring in shop life in any country. That is why in America the old American is out of it. He is no longer in the woolen mill, the cotton factory, the iron works, except as a superintendent. In England, we still find many English doing the narrow stint that stunts, unless indeed, as they may after work hours, they explore human thought in their libraries and galleries. And the redeeming feature about the mill district Englishman is that he yet loves the countryside to stroll in. One of the most characteristic and amusing marks by which the Englishman claims the country for his own appears in the furor aroused whenever a misguided owner of land attempts to close an old field path. The shop and mill people will parade back and forth on that path every half holiday and every Sunday, heads in air, saying to all, even by their stiff backs, "this English sod, no new laws, no changing age, shall take away from us." There is a pleasant tang of Robin Hood in the blood of the drabbest bookkeeper who toils in an office opening against a brick wall, and has never the sun.

Whatever is said, the people of England have given to the land its decorative aspect. The valleys of New England, of New York, and Pennsylvania are as attractive as any in England, and their features are more interesting because they offer a wider variety, and show landscapes on every scale from the shut-in coziness of a Vermont dell to the magnificence of the Hudson, the vast forests of the north and the perfect rolling fields of Pennsylvania, and the meeting of mountain and sea in Maine. The English land has the greater charm because it has been longer fitted with culture features peculiarly adapted to it. We can show dales as beautiful as Dovedale; loftier cliffs than Dover; more fertile

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fields than in England. But we cannot show anywhere on a six-mile-square section such calmness of architecture, such assurance of fitting in place, such a sense that everything belongs where it is and ever has and ever will, world without end. There is in England the absence of the grandiose, and a studied adaptation to climate, contour, use. There is a reserve, an absence of attempt at experiment, that makes for peace of mind. House and garden grew together, and you cannot imagine either without the other. Better order is, perhaps, maintained around the homesteads than in America. There is a snugness and cleanliness which conveys an impression of wholesome well-being. What men have done fits into what nature has done, as a well-tailored suit fits its owner. The deft adaptation of walls and outbuildings to the lie of the land is a constant pleasure to the eye.

Of all impressions, however, that which commends itself most is the thought for decoration even at the expense of curtailing space for food crops. No homestead is too tiny to allow for certain trees, shrubs, and walks. There is the sense conveyed that comeliness in the premises is worth while.

And seldom does one see a homestead that seems to have been planned out and erected at once. There is an air of growth as if the form could not have been other than it is, and that it took shape through centuries as needs or tastes developed. All this gives an air of permanence that conduces to repose of mind. Actually, where thatch is present, we have a temporary material. But only the most practical mind thinks of it that way. It satisfies a sense of propriety and historic continuity. If only it is followed by tile not so much will be lost as gained. The commercial slate roofs, which ordinarily succeed tile unless patented shingles are used, are a distinct retrogression esthetically.

THE ENGLISH COTTAGE

IT is beautiful without, but its esthetic charm is considered in England to be overbalanced by its lack of a modern interior. Early days saw almost all settlements made by the banks of streams, which were the only highways. From cottage to cathedral the foundation was laid in the mud. There were probably a million cottages in England without cellars, and no cellars were feasible because water lay within two feet of the clay floor. And even when flags or tile were substituted for clay the water would, in a wet time, ooze through the interstices. That very union of edifice with ground, so remarkable in an artistic sense, has been fatal to many generations of English, carried off by tubercular disease induced by dampness. Modern engineering has made possible the construction of cottages that are damp proof, and proper attention can give also the old effect of a wall rising from the turf. But knowledge of these facts makes it clear why, even before the war, ten thousand cottages a year were torn down in England. Since the war, that number has probably doubled. To us now, as travelers, the immediate desire should be to get into England while it still looks like what we have been led to expect.

Not merely the foundation, but the roof has been changed, and very much for the worse. Thatch, once the most economical roof, is now the dearest. Only people of means can afford thatched roofs, and, even so, thatch is forbidden in most localities, owing to the fire hazard. Amazing to relate, however, there are English thatched cottages, known to be four and even five hundred years old. The chimneys, picturesquely low, increased the hazard of sparks on the thatch, and there was no particle of fire prevention. But thatch was often deep and damp below, and the firewood not of the sort carrying large cinders.

By an odd combination of circumstances some of the most picturesque

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cottages are now technically ruins, though people live in them. The cottages are condemned by the local authorities, so that it is illegal to repair them. I found one ancient couple clinging to a cottage still beautiful, the roof of which leaked like a sieve, but the old people and the old house still stuck together. The esthetic and the shiftless often go side by side. Nature tries to hide decay, and the flowers come out of the ancient thatch so that fields and roofs are painted with the same deft, fairy brush.

The roofs of stone are almost eternal. It would seem that an oak rafter kept dry would never rot. Nor does wood rot when continuously wet, as witness stubs of the piles driven in the French rivers by Julius Caesar. When the stone is laid with irregular edges in the ancient fashion, and bits of moss establish themselves in the joints, the result is almost, if not quite, as good as a thatched roof.

The utterly tasteless scheme of imitating the rolling edge of thatch, in America, with shingles, is nevertheless a tribute, though a barbarous one, to the beauty of thatch.

It is still legal to make new thatch roofs in rural neighborhoods, and if Americans are keen on that adornment they should secure thatchers to do the real thing. The strain however, to turn ages topsy turvy, is doubtful wisdom. So long as practical roofs, both beautiful and fire resistant, are commercially available, like tile or heavy slate, they form the natural construction.

There is no necessity of surrendering, in modern building, any picturesque feature of the ancient cottage. Wall, roof line, and material, casement, everything, can be had.

SOCIAL OVERTURNS

WE learned of a young woman who helped her mother in their small dairy. She went to the neighboring town, took a six months' course in dressmaking, and received her certificate as a competent member of that guild. There was no work. She did not anticipate that there would be. She then went back home and resumed her former duties, precisely. There was, however, this convenient difference — she now drew a dole from the government sufficient to support existence, as an unemployed dressmaker.

A youth, without work at his trade, lived at home with his parents, drew a dole of twenty-one shillings weekly, and spent it joining a golf club, fitting himself with the plus fours and the sticks that go with the sport, and passed his days at leisure. Yet the English government profess themselves puzzled that it is so hard in crowded England to obtain emigrants to the colonies. One would think a degree of intelligence short of cabinet calibre might solve this profound mystery, which a wayfaring man will answer in his cups.

So long as human nature averages what it is there will be a lack of emigrants while men and women are pensioned in their youth. The modification of compelling a jobless person to take anything that offered is, of course, cried down. I asked a citizen in a small town why the dole was administered in this way. "To prevent revolution," was the quick, frank answer. If the alternative of assisted emigration or going to work were offered, the number of unemployed would shrink to a compass easily handled. If half the funds they paid in dole were allotted instead to helping people overseas, and to a start in a new country, the face of England and Canada would soon be changed. The present system is as vicious as any that could possibly be devised. It means an upcoming

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generation of too many shirks. Obviously, only so long as the diligent are willing to pamper the shiftless, can this process go on.

During this very discussion there is often call for farm laborers, without success! A country with a plethora of people, needing to emigrate to lands afar, and the lack of hands on lands at home! Of course this thing distresses the thinking Englishman, but the solid people are already in a minority, and cannot swing the country into sense. Partly the European lacks the adeptness of an American to turn his hand to something that needs to be done. But partly, it is hard to see work when the dole blinds the eye. It is well known that hunger is the spur of genius, and that much of the immortal literary or artists' work has been done under dire necessity. It takes something mighty to bring out the best even in a good man; how much more in an indolent one! The situation would not be so hopeless did it not operate to enslave still further the self respecting, willing worker. His net pay must be smaller because of the terrific taxes; his exertions redoubled, for every worker must help support a drone.

All trades are struggling. The competition of Germany is fast becoming keener than before the war, which, in stark reality, she won. It may be that after a little the sober sense for which Englishmen have become famous will effect a slight change for the better. That there are cases enough where persons out of work require assistance, cannot be questioned, but the method of getting at the matter at present is too crude. Perhaps revolution itself, if not bloody, might, in the end, be best. The people who finally got possession of the property might not be as ready, or as liable to respond when called upon to stand and deliver.

AN ESTATE IN ENGLAND

THE war has brought about a condition regarding country estates that is hardly believable unless one has seen it. The estates of some size are practically unsaleable. A manor near Lincoln, with the residence and two farms and their edifices, went in 1925 for £700. The cost of keeping up is what deters buyers. Small places are sought more eagerly than before the war, because prospective residents think they may perhaps without help, or with a little temporary help, keep a place going. If an American were seeking a summer home in England he could have his choice in almost any county, a hundred miles from London. The consequent breaking up of large estates into small parcels is good for the country, even though the old family disappears, represented by a squire or a lord of the manor. The American prefers to travel in England rather than remain for his entire visit in one place. Hence he is out of the market. The class in England which formerly desired fine country homes is paralyzed financially, or is hopeless regarding the administration of an estate. A friend who had a country place was called on and was rallied that he seemed able to support an automobile. "That," said he, "belongs to a man working on the place; I ride a bicycle."

The instance is not unusual, and that the Englishman can laugh, though out of the corner of his mouth, at his own predicament speaks much for the faculty of making the best of a bad situation.

Perhaps it will take a generation to shake society down into an adjustment. That there is great wealth in England is a truism, but most of it is not available. It is tied and conditioned. It has changed hands, and those who hold it seldom desire to use it in the same ways as the former holders. Agriculture at home needs stimulation. Many of the wide, private-park lands are available, and when farmed by modern methods on a large scale,



THE LITTLE CORNER HOUSE — DEVONSHIRE



THE ABBEY STREAM



AN ENGLISH GABLE



AN ARCHED AVENUE



A HAZE ON THE FAR HORIZON



SCROOBY CHURCH AND LANE



A WILTSHIRE HAMLET



STEPPING STONES



IN TENDER MOOD



CLYFFE PYPARD



ST. JOHN'S HOSTEL—MALMESBURY



ENTRANCE—CAREW CASTLE



BRIDGE DRAPING



THE LORNA DOONE BROOK—DEVON

ENGLAND BEAUTIFUL

like our western wheat farms or great market gardens, it is likely they may become going concerns. It is an odd absurdity that the Englishman should bring his food from the ends of the earth while he has many idle hands and idle lands. The war showed what could be done with those lands. The pressure relieved, the effort has lapsed.

HOW THE MANOR WAS BUILT

THE dwelling house in England bore enough resemblance to the Roman house to suggest that it may have borrowed. Of course, however, the Saxon hall was the main axis around which the house grew. The climate did not encourage the open court loved by the Romans. The central and the only room of much account in an old English house was the hall, not to be confused with our modern halls, which are passages.

The hall was very large and was used for all purposes. Before Elizabeth's time chimneys were scarcely known. There was a hearth in the center of the room, and the smoke escaped through an opening in the center of the ceiling (in French, the *louvre*). It would be more proper to say that some of the smoke escaped. The hams, the haunches of venison, even the goose hung high, where the smoke cured them. The timbers became creasoted in time, and soot hung from the roof. Reference here is not to the cottages but to the grand hall. The only merit of this system was that all had full benefit of the fire.

When chimneys began to come in fashion, people were all agog to visit a house which had one. Of course there were not lacking wiseacres who deplored this sign of degeneracy, and whose fathers' ways were good enough for them. But the chimney had come to abide, and it was big enough to stand alone. The fireplaces were often twelve to fifteen feet wide, and logs of that length were drawn in by cattle. In time, the

decoration of the chimney made it the central object of ornament in the house. In taverns, and sometimes in private houses, the cooking was done in the hall. The array of utensils hanging about a great fireplace reached more than a hundred in number. The chief of these was the huge spit on the fire irons, where the meat was roasted. There was no crane, but chains hanging from a big pole sustained the kettles, griddles, etc.

The hall resembled a small church since there was at the one end a minstrel's gallery, and, often, below, a screen, while at the other end was a dais on which was placed the table for the "quality." The central chair for the master was massive and ornate, and, the influence of the gothic being still strong, its outlines were similar to the gothic chairs often seen now for the use of the clergyman.

On the main floor level was one table or more for the retainers and farm hands. The walls, according to the means of the owner, would be hung with tapestry behind the dais, and perhaps all about. The master could push aside the hangings for entrance and exit. A properly hung scene for Hamlet gives the true conception. The tables were trestles, and were removed, on the main level, after meals, for merrymakings or gatherings to meet the lord of the manor. Of course the rafters were sustained by hammer beams. There is even an American attic with simple hammer beams. The floor, below, was either packed clay, flags, tiles, or oak. The object of the dais was to enable the master to overlook his men. Perhaps, also, it rose higher than the rest of the room, because that was the only section with a wooden floor, built up on beams laid on the earth, and so elevated one step.

Trophies of the chase hung about the walls, on which also arms were ranged, these latter of course without the original thought of ornament.

Torches lighted the apartment at night, and the gables might have more or less elaborate windows, also built in the manner we are accustomed to regard as ecclesiastical. This great hall was a noisy place,

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almost a bedlam at times, and was littered with the spoils of the chase, with accoutrements, with slopped ale, and bones thrown to dogs which growled and quarreled there. A pet dog of one mistress was we know chained to the table leg, since we have the ring still in place. Music was supplied by minstrels more or less talented, and, joined in choruses of roistering blades, they whiled away the hours. But at night the floor was often used as the men's sleeping apartment. Indeed, the diners gradually slumped under the table and were there at dawn.

The married men had cottages apart, or possibly chambers in other sections of the residence. The maidens employed about the establishment became wives to the men on the place. It was almost a patriarchal life. It required a strong hand, a quick, decisive will, and no little knack to manage the boisterous, deep-drinking crew. The master gained his place, possibly, by inheritance; he held it successfully only through capacity. The women's and the family bedrooms, with one or two small withdrawing rooms (the original of drawing rooms), made up the rest of the establishment, with, of course, the kitchens in the rear. But the hall reached the roof; the other rooms were in one or two stories. Old pictures show something like a huddle of gables like little cottages side by side, and it was thus that the old term, a bay, arose — the space between posts, a convenient span, the width of a barn division, or a one-room-deep cottage.

If there were rooms on a second story the approach was either by an outside stair, as in French houses, and an old mill at Warwick, or by a shut-in stair, between walls. Doubtless this sense of the two sides of a stair originated the old phrase, "A pair of stairs." It was not until later that the modern hall and its beautiful stair came in, and became the most stately and attractive part of the dwelling.

The furniture was oak, until fashionable people obtained walnut to follow King William, who brought it from Holland. The covering of

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chairs and beds was often extremely rich, and could easily ruin an ambitious person, especially if the sovereign were to be entertained. Many a climber met a cropper on this matter of entertainment, and the favorites often had need to go out and spoil the Spaniards in the Indies to provide the enormous sums required for velvets, plumes, hangings, liveries, and an impressive company of servants. The good old days had their drawbacks, the worst of which was the heritage of feudalism that estimated a man by the hangers-on for whom he provided.

These wonderful old dwellings seen now, as at Knole, near Seven Oaks, south of London, were in part the heritage of the Saxon time, in part the adaptation of the earlier castle life. One notices, as at Warwick, how the stability of society encouraged the building of rooms, not fortified, as an addition to the castle. There were therefore two parallel developments, one, and that the older, which came down from the Saxon thanes and franklins, as shown in *Ivanhoe*; the other an ameliorated castle life which came from the Norman occupation. For the typical English never lived behind thick stone walls, but followed the genius of the Teutonic stock, living in a freer, more open manner, loving the field and the forest more than the dwelling, and depending on raising their own herds rather than "lifting" those of their more distant neighbors.

The moated mansion, adopted against small marauders one may surmise, rather than as a war defense, never was very common in England, but just frequent enough to excite our curiosity. Obviously it was always on low land, for the stream must be led around it. While wonderfully picturesque, as one such we show, damp basements are the first thought of our day. The loftier cliff-built dwellings had other means of defense. In these times, remaining moats are made beautiful by lilies and other aquatic growths, so much so that it is a special department of gardening, some estates deriving their chief charm from moats, pools, and fountains.

The visitor of England will find many such places open for inspection.

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Quite generally the possessors of really fine places feel the obligation of possession at least so far as to admit the public on certain days. One has not seen England until some of the estates of mid-degree are seen. While the dwellings are still rich with old oak and mahogany, the grounds of an Englishman are his greater joy. The coziness of the small, the spacious stateliness of the large grounds, each has its charm. The highest prized of the author's possessions are books on English gardens. Mrs. Allingham in color, and others in fine photographs, have spread before our devouring eyes the wealth of castle, manor, and lordly gardens until it is clear that many a paradise exists in England, and that Arabic word for garden is felt to be most apt. The mere formal setting is not so attractive as its connection with stone and brick walls, terraces, basins, and the hundred and one little edifices, the statuary, the hives, the kennels, the seats, the outlooks into the distant oak-studded parks, and the dear nooks, grotts, angles, which carry back the heart of an Englishman, whether he resides in Alberta or Tasmania. The importance of decoration like this in welding a great race into one mind, one love, is not to be overestimated. The home sense enlarged, is patriotism. England is made up of littles, and each little is etched by early experience never to be obliterated.

A friend recently had occasion for an X-ray photograph of his chest. He was shown the negatives. "Do you see," said the physician, "those little, gristle-like adhesions on the bones? You must have had pleurisy some time."

"Yes, thirty years ago."

"And you see there," continued the demonstrator, "those lighter flecks in the lungs, like thicker tissue? You must have had pneumonia sometime."

"Yes, twenty-three years ago."

We can't get rid of our past, and happily, if it is a past like an old

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English house and grounds, impressing the plastic child, it becomes a part of our nature, more deeply fixed than bone and tissue. It is the English home, in its beauty, that has ameliorated and enriched the English race, and the race in turn has spread that kind of home culture to every shore. One sees it in the gardens of Victoria, on Vancouver Island. It is the fullest, dearest inheritance we have. Back of any great flag is the loveliness of a good home.

And as two faces are unlike, so two gardens, two dwellings. The worst curse of factory houses is sameness. Let the residents live — father, son and grandson — in the same village cottage or country farmhouse, and they will give to it an individuality wholly agreeable. In the well warranted modern phrase, “it is different.”

Great cities do not harmonize society. They make cleavages. It is not London, but Warwick and Shrewsbury and the little towns that have made England, and given life its balance and sane form. The iron enters into the soul in the fierce competitions of the manufacturing or commercial towns. All except a tenth are submerged. It is not a tenth that is down; it is only a tenth that is up. How can one dwell without flowers, with little sun, seeing no birds, hearing no brooks, and be thoroughly sane and without warp of mind? It is in Cranford society that the aroma of life comes out, and not in Vanity Fair, where only the offensive odors rise. London would wreck England in short order did not so many myriads of her people get away into the country. The commuter saves the city. East London has to be saved, and as for the rich end of the town — that, humanly speaking, is beyond salvation.

ST. DUNSTAN

ONE holiday we found a car had bumped into our lamp bracket, and where to repair it was a question. At length we found a jolly blacksmith who was spending his holiday forging for fun. By his side stood his son, striking for him. In front of the next forge was his grandson, all of two years old, sturdily driving great spikes in the earth floor. The little creature was already all muscle.

“Isn’t this child beginning early?”

“Oh, no! we always play about the forge as soon as we can walk.” That “we” was a lead.

“You mean all the generations of You? How far back have you been blacksmiths?”

“That I don’t know.”

It appeared that the senior father was a smith, and his father, and his father, for six generations. No record beyond. But the tradition was that the fathers were smiths “away back.”

“You see this son striking for me? Well, I have four other sons in America, all smiths — one of them is at the head of a thousand men.”

“And you are to make a smith of this baby?” A useless question.

“You see he is making a smith of himself. I began holding for my father when I was five.”

“What is your name?”

“Dunstan.”

“Dunstan, — why that was the name of the saint, the smith, and the patron of all smiths. Were you descended from him?”

“Don’t know. Always have been Dunstans who were smiths.”

As he talked his jolly, round eyes, the loveliest, richest blue, danced and rolled. Smith’s work for him was a lark. Life was one round of

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making things hot for the iron. Anyone who told him work was tedious would have been incomprehensible. And, as he hammered, he asked me if I had ever heard the tale of "Willie the Cornishman." Here it is.

NOT SO BAD AND NOT SO GOOD

Willie appeared in the old town one day. It had been long since anyone had seen him. He inquired for all the old cronies. "Where is Dave?" "He's gone to sea." "Where is Jim?" Nobody knew. Finally somebody said, "Jim? — he's dead." "Oh! if he's dead, I know where he is."

"But, Willie, where have you been all this time?"

"I sailed for America."

"That's good."

"Not so good; we were cast ashore."

"That's bad."

"Not so bad; the folks were good to us, gave me a job, and I married a woman who brought me £75."

"That's good."

"Not so good; she was a terrible one to live with."

"That's bad."

"Not so bad; we bought a tavern with the money."

"That's good."

"Not so good; a fire burnt it all up."

"That's bad."

"Not so bad; it burnt up the old woman with it."

So we leave Dunstan the Smith. And if being happy at one's work makes a saint, he must have been Saint Dunstan.



AN OLD TOWN CORNER—CHERWELL



A THATCHED ROOF COTTAGE



ANCIENT HALF TIMBERED HOUSE



OLD FRIENDS BEFORE NEW—BIDDESTONE



A BACK GARDEN—DUNSTER



MEADOW BEAUTY



CASTLECOMBE ROAD



THE HUMBLE DOOR—HOLTON



AN ENGLISH HOME



WOODLAND MELODY



ANCIENT GABLES—ALLINGTON



A PATH IN EDEN—SANDY LANE, WILTSHIRE



THE GREAT TITHING BARN—BRADFORD



A PLAS MAWR FIREPLACE



AN ENTICING OLD INN



HOUSE WITH STONE WALL

HALF TIMBERING IN ENGLAND

THE picturesque and famous half timbered structures of England were not originally designed for beauty. They were built at first when timber was plenty. Some of the early examples fill at least half the entire wall with timber. One thinks, of course, of the day when the Englishman's house was his castle. For the dwelling was designed to resist any ordinary attack. In the sturdiest examples a man could not readily pass between the uprights. The casements of that age were very small, or were so high up as to hinder ingress. The door was a huge, doubled-planked affair, the outside planks running vertically to shed rain, while those within were crosswise, and the parts were inseparably consolidated by thickly studded, massively-wrought nails, clinched. In fact the door was one of the least vulnerable points of attack, ironed as it was with huge hinges and latch bars. As time went on, the timbering was arranged at greater intervals, and shaped as knees, or as diagonal braces, opening up at once wide fields for decorative treatment, the shapes being paired in every panel, and advantage being taken of the natural curves of the timber to secure most attractive results. The charm lies in the accommodation of design to the material at hand. Another consequence was that no two dwellings were alike, but a street of such gables presented as much variety as an old fashioned garden. Some of the streets being narrow, the builders resorted to the device of extending the second story over the street. The extension was given security and a sense of massiveness and beauty by the prolongation and decoration of the second story floor-timbers, exposed, of course, and, although this would have been ample, knee shapes from roots and crotches of oak were added as brackets.

The casement frames were projected, probably with the purpose of being rid of their intrusion on the inner walls. But the projection, with-

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out, still further broke up the plain surface, especially when the frame was protected by a water table above in the form of a beautiful hood, and the sill was braced with brackets below. Then over all a barge board was added to finish the slant of the gables. The piercings or scallops of the barge board were a final decoration. The totality became a creation of wonderful attraction, because it was a growth out of necessity, and was never ornament for ornament's sake in any structural member.

The contrast was further secured by filling the space between timbers with rubble mortar, or any easily got material. All was then neatly plastered over. The tarring of the timbers blackened them while it preserved them, and some of these dwellings stand out as prominently as the modern painted warning checker-work at the under passes of railways.

On occasion, the local joiner delighted in adding some quaint or grotesque head, or other carving like the three feathers, to the brackets or barges. When this completely decorative scheme was doubled, as in the case of three-story, or even four-story dwellings, each projecting a little, one over another, as the eye follows upward, the ensemble is highly impressive. It speaks movingly of the love of the householder for his home, since he has decked it as a beloved wife is decked. The interior of such dwellings cannot be without some continuance of the external ornament. In some cases the old halls, in a kind of native, natural Gothic, exhibit walls which are the reverses of the exterior, the timbers extending through. The exposed floor timbers overhead cause an even greater impression added to the walls, than one gets out-of-doors. The rooms are oak ribbed, solid as the nature of those who built them, and conveying an impression of safety, permanence, and ornament that is satisfying to a degree.

The effect, on the writer at least, is better than in the plastered ceilings

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of Wales, where the entire surface is divided, as in Conway houses, into geometrical patterns by ribs of plaster. One can but feel that this plaster decoration was a substitute for timber decoration. For some timber ceilings are arranged with an obvious purpose of pleasing, and the timbers are carved or at least handsomely chamfered.

The half-timbering was open to one objection — wet and dry seasons tended to open seams between the timber and the mortar. The greater intensity of heat and cold in America caused the early abandonment of half-timbering, though we have houses now clapboarded, which have a true half-timbering beneath.

The various devices we think of as decorative were seldom designed to be so, originally. Thus the paneling, so rich in effect, was arranged so that swelling and shrinking would not injure the appearance, the panel being loosely fitted, to come and go, in the cabinet maker's phrase. The mold on this panel was a growth from the need of feather-edging the board to fit the grooves of the stiles and rails. Similarly the shapes of the H and butterfly hinges were for the purpose of securing nail holes out of line, to prevent splitting.

The initials of Holy Lord, formed by the H L hinge, were thus incidental, no doubt, and had nothing to do with keeping away witches or the evil eye. And the cross panel, or double cross, in the door, was the growth of a need. When it was felt that a cross had been created the builder doubtless counted himself fortunate in executing, perhaps unwittingly, a religious motive.

The fleur de lis and the tulip, done to show three leaves, though the tulip has more, has been counted a religious motive. It is safer to say that it served as such a motive, and there is no objection to believing that there was a conscious purpose. Doubtless the clustered column grew out of bundles of reeds, banded; while plain columns resembled the trunks of trees. These remarks apply with full force to furniture and iron, into

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both of which the heart, the spear, the tulip, aster, and rose, and various other decorations enter.

Thus the old English dwelling house, without and within, from its shield or ring-shaped knocker and its warning spear-head hinge to the remotest corner of a closet (a small chamber), grew to be full of symbolism coincidentally with its structural and decorative motives. The very floors carried heraldic or other designs, the windows were seized upon as translucent, and therefore endless opportunities for the weaving in of family history, of myth, legend, religion, or military pride. The entire house became expressive. It was a manuscript in stone or wood. It was a monument of the thoughts, the loves of other ages. It took on a personality, and became, suggestively, the abode of ghosts, of clanking armor, of restless souls seeking again the stirring "glimpses of the moon." Of course, an old house gets haunted. Why not? Were it not so we should wish to adopt a few kindly or somewhat threatening ghosts as useful for romance or discipline.

These whispering houses! They will sell, even if superstition be dead, for more than those that are not haunted. A good, reliable ghost, warranted to come back often, is an important, a desirable addition to any old dwelling. As it is always the old house that is haunted, any rational being will perceive the ghost is inevitably of someone who once walked there, and continues to walk. An old dwelling is a reliable friend. The older it grows the more garrulous it becomes. Never mind the creaky joints and the howlings of wind through loose fittings. With a few bits of ancient furniture and several murky corners, a fairly limber imagination may people a house with a considerable train of sweet, secret beckonings, of deep throbbings, of stealing steps, of looming menaces. If you have 'em, you can give 'em to houses. And you will never rest until you own at least one private, personal spook.

EXCURSIONS FROM PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH in England is a proper place to land from America, since it is the port whence sailed to Plymouth in America the embodied spirit of what was best in England. We have just received in America a great delegation of English people, come to visit in our homes and to observe what of good we have retained and to what we have developed. The intercourse comes most naturally, when we go back, to land at Plymouth, for we not only carry out a symbolism thus, but we come upon what, all in all, is the most beautiful part of England. And we may see the very dock from which the pilgrims sailed.

The first county, really a duchy, Cornwall, holds for us the home of that great Arthurian legend made by the genius of Tennyson into a kind of Bible of Progress. Roaming over the mossy, craggy wolds of Cornwall, and coming at last on Tintagel, we could ask no finer setting for an ideal than that we find in the bold cliff braving the sea where Arthur had his seat. There is other worldliness in its site, as if here at the edge and beginning of things mind and heart first ruled over brute men, and young Arthur stood up, a fine young spirit, on the wild height, and sent his keen look over England, vowing to lift it from heathen bog into knightly habits.

After all, however much we are ever able to substantiate of Arthur's career, the comforting aspect of the case is that we want such a character for an ancestor. Of all the thousand places in England where the blood tingles with the recall of a legendary or even an historic past, there is no monument to the eternal hope of a real civilization that equals the romance of Tintagel. Seen in storm or calm it is the thrill of a year. To steep one's self there, in memory, in hope, by its tiny haven, its hidden

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gorge, its ocean-braving rock, is an experience — the most impressive the American is likely to encounter on any English shore.

If Plymouth proves too far to make a round trip, in a single day, to the extremity of Cornwall, another headquarters may be established at Truro or Penzance. The ground ought properly to be covered by three or four roads. There is a noticeable lack of fine trees as we move westward in Cornwall, and reach the narrow tongue of land swept by the storms on either hand. The appeal is rather in the boldness and strength of the coasts; in the strange stone monuments off the interior, and in the mythical era of Cornwall's history. For it is the portion of England first heard from by the ancient writers. That the Tyrians and Carthaginians had tin mines here, is presumed, but that the Greeks knew the country, and Ireland, is certain. That some strain of Punic blood in the inhabitants remains, is possible, but the admixture is so microscopic as to have no influence now beyond the reflection that there are no pure races, and in every nation men who boast of blue blood can be shown to be of mixed strain.

The scenery in Cornwall, during the gorse blooming is, on some expanses, a magnificent sea of color, so as almost to overwhelm the vision. Of course gorse grows only where land is wild.

Among the rock-ribbed uplands of Cornwall, on a pleasant, breezy day, there is fine, restorative quality for tired minds. Seated on moss, surrounded by the yellow gorse, fanned by the breeze, beckoned by moving shapes of cloud, as perfect silence and solitude can be had in parts of Cornwall as anywhere on earth. It is an old, worn land. The tin or zinc is exhausted, or in caverns under the sea, or too deep for profit. It was for ages the main supply of the world. To it are due the panoplies of war, making possible the military ages, around the Mediterranean, before iron became common. Thus England had its primeval period of metallurgical supremacy, as well as that of the nineteenth century. How

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many triremes lie sunk around these coasts, laden with their cargoes of ore! Some of the queer place-names of Cornwall have been thought to show a Phoenician origin. Whether those ancient sons of Shem brought their slaves to work the mines, whether they employed the red-haired Kelts of the country, we may never know. "They had no poets and so they died."

The resorts of Cornwall are numerous enough and conventional enough to suit all comers. Penzance and St. Ives in the remote west, and Falmouth and Newquay not so far out, are among many others.

The way of enjoyment is to follow many feasible branch shore routes, for no through route brings one often in sight of the sea. It is on some bold point, or in a little hidden bay, that beauty is found. There is little in the towns of Cornwall to hold one's attention beyond an occasional quaint dwelling.

Cornwall has not lost, with the decline of its tin industry, its best asset. Visitors are ever the more profitable crop. Even in other ways the duchy is coming back. The freedom from frosts has induced the cultivation of flowers for the metropolitan market. The tourist cannot see the blazing slopes of blossom unless he arrives in February and March. In time it appears that the decaying fisheries and mining will be more than made good, and in a more beautiful way than ever.

Of course, it is fashion rather than warm weather that starts people for the Riviera. The average temperature of south Cornwall, and some of its sheltered shores, is as high as that of the south French coast. And in England the fearful African blast never blows. There are many lowery days, but a calming influence has been found to dwell in this slightly tonic air. To see a palm flourishing out of doors in England, and even in Ireland, is to revise one's ideas of a British winter.

Still, it is the grand surges of storm that smite these coasts which delight one most. Eastward of the Lizard they become less grand, under

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the protection of headlands. But from the Lizard away around Land's End and up to Trevoze Head in the Bristol Channel, there is, in storm, an assault which has gathered power in a rush across the entire Atlantic. No wonder the ocean has been too mighty for the Land's End itself, which, despite its solid cliffs is only a rear guard of territory now cut off. It once reached away west beyond the Scilly Isles. A slight subsidence of the coast has assisted the victory of the sea. Deep below are found relics of a race drowned out or forced by the buffets of the deep back, back, for many a mile. The story of Atlantis is like fish stories, probably enlarged in the telling. But who would not give much to look again on those lost cities of peace, those smiling plains of a legendary paradise?

PLEASANT JAUNTS

IT is nothing short of amazing that the English fail to issue a guide to England like Muirhead's, but founded on road travel rather than railway — a method which few now take. We indicate only the routes. Ten times our space would be needed to dwell on the main points alone. Travelers may easily look up guide-book information as they pass through towns. Bartholomew's *Half Inch to Mile Maps* are wonderfully good, and a traveler should buy the entire series. They are folded, on cloth.

Leave Plymouth by ferry to Devonport (great naval base), Liskeard, Lostwithiel, Fowery, St. Austell, Probus, Truro, a good headquarters; Cathedral. Falmouth, excellent quarters. Pendennis castle, fine drive. Back via Penryn to Helston, St. Michael's Mount and Penzance; resort. Land's End, St. Just, and then St. Ives by the coast roads, poorish, or via Penzance, Hayle, Portreath, St. Agnes, Newquay. Or, by better road, leaving shore, Portreath, Radruth, and Newquay, turning at Zelah Hill



CHERWELL



WASHINGTON HOUSE—LITTLE BRINGTON



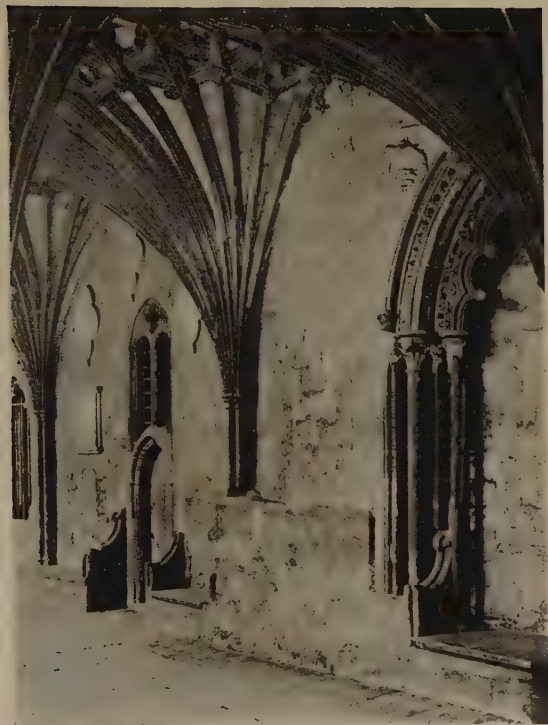
THE CANTERBURY PARADISE



THE NAVE OF DURHAM



SALISBURY CHOIR



CLOISTER SEATS—CANTERBURY



THE NAVE AT EXETER



DEEP SHADOWED—WILTSHIRE



A DUNSTER ROW—SOMERSET



CHURCH DOOR—COLWALL



LITTLE BRINGTON



WELL HOUSE—BIDDESTONE



THE MARKET CROSS



A GARDEN RUNNING OVER



ROSE LANE—DUNSTER



A PASTURE GATE—BOSSINGTON



SKIRTING THE WYE—MONMOUTHSHIRE



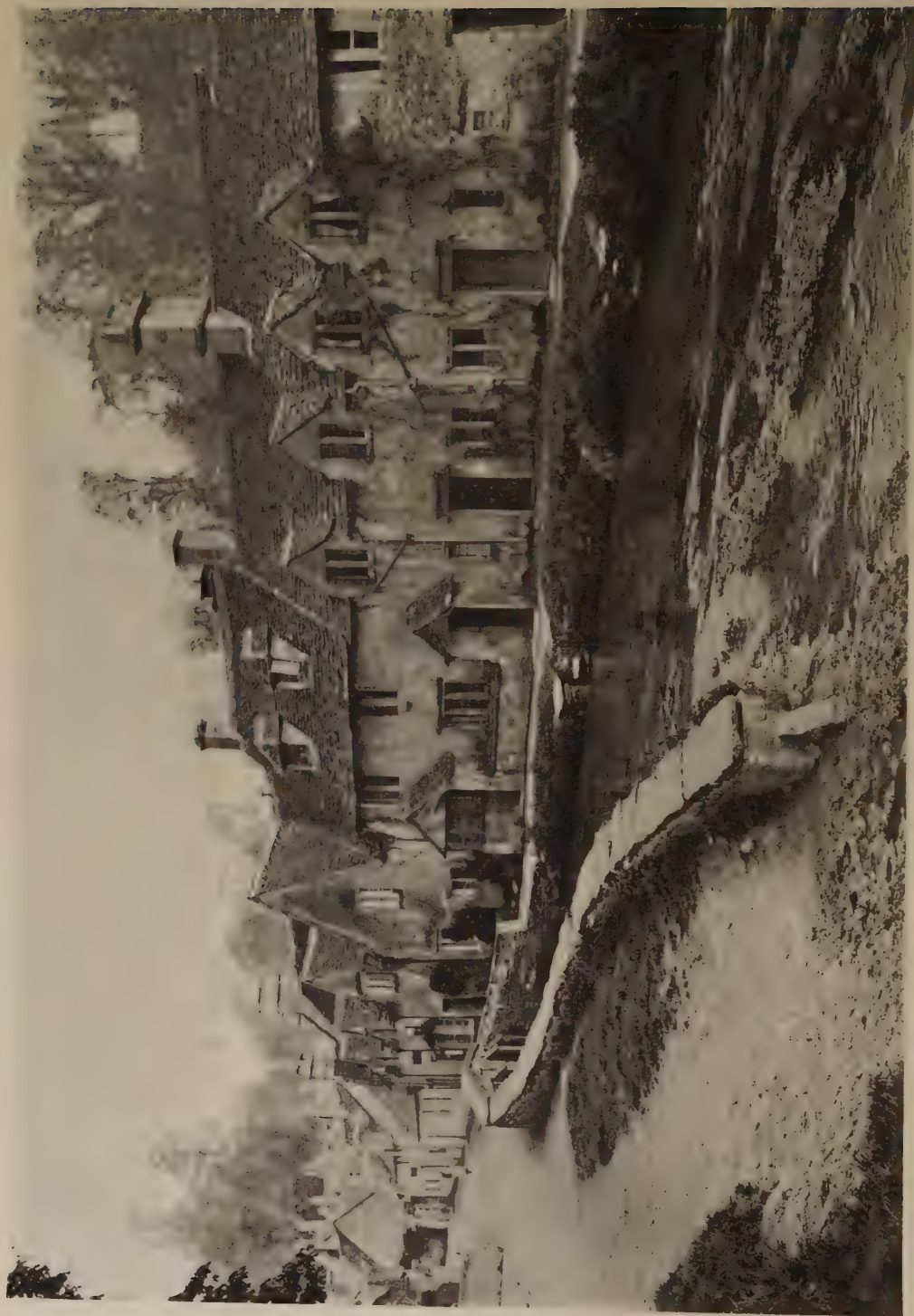
SPRING FLOWERS—TAUNTON



FRANKLIN HOME SITE—ECTON



BRADFORD HOUSE—AUSTERFIELD



BRIDGE END

ENGLAND BEAUTIFUL

for Newquay. Side trips to every bay and headland, but especially from Helston to the Lizard.

Leave Newquay, St. Columb Minor, Bodmin, Camelford, Tintagel (quarters), Boscastle, Launceston, Tavistock, Plymouth.

The boat journey up the Tamar from Plymouth affords a beautiful diversion. If, however, one does not care to return to Plymouth from Boscastle, one may go on to Stratton, Kilkhampton (Cornwall-Devon), Clovelly, Bideford, Barnstable, and Ilfracombe.

The North Cornwall and Devon coast is equal to any shore in England. From Ilfracombe through Lynton to Minehead completes the finer parts.

To confine ourselves only to the first-class roads would be to lose too much that is important. It is suggested that while we are in this fine district it is better to go from Minehead to Dunster, Wooten-Courtney, Luccombe, Allerford, Lynch, Bossington, Porlock, for intimate mill cottage, garden, and lane scenes. Then, doubling back to Lynton, one may stretch across country by a new route to us, via Barnstable, Bideford (different road), Torrington, Hatherleigh, Okehampton, Tavistock, Plymouth.

TAUNTON ENVIRONS

TAUNTON is far enough from London to have a life of its own, only slightly modified from an earlier time. Its inns and churches, its quaint market, are very much as they were. The beautiful church of St. Mary's is almost large enough for a cathedral, and its lofty tower dominates the city and the plain beyond. But, of peculiar joy to us, was the singing of the nightingale in the gardens near the church, at twilight while the moon swam above. We were told the song may often be heard

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here. It was early May, and the apple trees in the gardens, trimmed to ball-shaped heads, were solid pinks. The English gardener, whether because he has not enough to do, or because he honestly believes he is bettering matters, is not content until he has done something odd to his trees. The usual thing with the pear and the apple is to pleach them, that is train them vinewise to form borders of walk or decorations on the face of a dwelling. It is an unnatural shape, but the thing can be done, and the consequence at its best, is very showy and not unpleasing. Probably the climate is not favorable for outdoor grape culture, and there is a need for something as a border, since ivy is almost too common. It is believed that the pleaching of fruit trees is handed down from the Romans, and their gardeners, since time was not when the custom was not practised.

The ivy really grows too luxuriantly for the good of a dwelling, and so works into any crevice as to injure a wall. Further, its beauty is admittedly greater when its long fingers show reaching out on a partially covered wall. When solid it becomes heavy, monotonous, and renders a dwelling too damp. Following its own bent, it often seizes everything for itself and will at length bury any structure where it is not restrained.

The hop vine is sometimes encountered as house decoration. Its growth some avow they can see, so rapid is it, but its course is too brief. Vines forty feet long are not unusual, and start from the ground every spring.

All about Taunton are wonderful drives. To the west is rugged and glorious Devon; to the south, Exeter; while several villages and farms to the east, as Yeovil, afford a good variety of interest. We enjoyed our week here certainly as well as any in England. The airs were bracing, and there was much rain. But a slot machine started the gas log in our room, an important precaution in the morning. No one ever remains in an English bed longer than necessary. But there is an easy going room in most hotels, call it what you will, where is found a grate fire which every

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one attends, by fits and starts; there are papers and the impossible trade journals, which no guest in England or America ever consults. Then, also, there is pleasant chat. English and Americans swap yarns and ask questions.

The dining room at the old county town inns is certainly wonderful. In this there was a dais running the long way. On this, under a gallery, we huddled near a simple grate fire. The room was the size of a large barn. The food fair to good, as they say in the market. Desserts (sweets) are creatures of odd mien. But one delectable concoction they have in England which they name "trifle" — a slight name for so good a dish. I defy any one to say how it was made, and I wish not to know. But light, dainty, delicious, fruity, and altogether perfect it is. It melted away like ice cream, but it was better. Of course, for a very rainy day there was a journey to be written up, letters, and — the antique shop.

Markets, bookstores, shops of all sorts in England are handsome, and attractively stocked. The merchant knows his wares, he is better trained in his own business than the American shopkeeper, and knows less, consequently, of other things. The English have many experts; we have many amateurs.

One of the most adept and successful men in England is a Taunton photographer. Incidentally he was also once cricket champion of England, and a very large man. When a great publication of Tudor work came out he did the picture work in Somersetshire. He told of crawling under beds to change his plates. As the young man with me, a small fellow, was attempting this one night while I stood guard, I heard a chuckle as he twisted about under a low bed.

"What's funny," said I.

"I was thinking how glad I am not to be that big Englishman."

Driving one day into Dorset we were struck by the amazing extent of its high moors, without an inhabitant. There were fences, and, of course,

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the famous sheep of the region must be fed there a part of the year. It was easy to understand how, before modern policing, the highwayman might flourish. If the English people were at all evenly scattered over England there would be room enough for many more. But populations never are spread in that manner, except in an ideal agricultural country, like one of our prairie states.

A delightful experience near Yeovil was a visit to a farm which had for storage a huge Gothic tything barn, the entrances of which, doubly gabled on each side, looked like cathedral doors. Several such are among the most important historical structures in England. With a little attention they are always good. The timber work was precisely like that in a great church nave, spanned clear, without a post. Yet these structures were built as barns, in the days when the church was paid in kind, rather than cash. It is the reminder of the still more ancient Old Testament custom in the Holy Land — “Bring ye all the tythes into the store house, and see if I do not pour you out a blessing such that there shall not be room to receive it.” Tything was continued to a period not remote, and suggests that whereas taxes are higher than ever, the church contributions have shrunk, relatively, to a small proportion of what they were.

The dwelling of the farm was an old abbey. The magnificence of its fireplaces betokened a day when heavy forests covered the realm. Such farms as these are listed as national monuments, and their edifices cannot be torn down or altered without consent and advice of the board having this in charge.

The châtelaine — we could not say abbess — was a buxom London girl, who, after the war, had married a junior officer, and they had set up their nest here, another effort of the rising generation to attack the old land question. Let us wish them success in their wonderful homestead! But much capital, long hours, many chances, and then a questionable outcome awaits any such attempt on either side of the ocean.

LITTLE CITIES AND INNS

LITTLE cities in England are next in interest to the villages. Old Dunster is a fine example. Arriving there, much mussed up as the result of a scrambling, rambling picture day, I asked another member of the family to inquire about rooms at the ancient inn. An interminable delay ensued. When she at length returned, she said the office force could not be roused for some time, as they had gone to tea. When we entered the second time we could find no one. They had gone *back* to tea, and the hunting process was all to be gone through again. The preposterous impertinence of arriving at an inn during tea-time had not dawned on us before, but we were made to feel it — and not offered any tea. You may interrupt an Englishman whatever he is doing. He is a reasonable mortal; even at prayers, in an emergency, he may be called. But beware how you interfere with the sacred function of tea for any other event whatever. The Germans took a mean advantage, in the war, of this propensity, and it is known that the English suffered some reverses on this account. The inn was otherwise a pleasing hostelry. On the wall, in the passage, were a number of pull bells corresponding to the character of the attendant you desired. One was a horse's foot; one a boot, and I presume one an effigy of a chambermaid suspended by the hair, and one — a tea cup! It is highly resented if the time of death coincides with the function of tea; marriages, of course, would not be set at that impossible hour. Why should not a series of cups be carved on the tombstone after the fashion of the Egyptians, who placed vessels of food with their mummies? But a cup of coffee in the morning, if you get it at all in a small town, is set down with an air as if a social pariah were being fed, and maybe it is a day old, or watered for the occasion. Oh,

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well; the writer considers both these drinks an abomination, so what should he care? Let the galled jade wince!

Some of these English inns appeal by their hoary age. It is something to sit where many a hero or celebrity has sat before you, and to sleep where the Duke of —— reposed. Something; but please give us not the self-same mattress on which he reposed before the reformation!

A narrow cell in Amalfi we objected to, as a bedroom. But sir, it was a monk's cell. A sell certainly; and it generally works. These tricks are not tried at Dunster, where they treat you well — after tea — nor seldom elsewhere in England. In spite of round prices it is more than doubtful if the innkeepers thrive too much. The American's money is welcome, and the landlord is welcome to all he gets. So much is said of high prices abroad, as if it was something new for Americans at home to experience, or as if there were any basis for it. I much fear it originates in the ancient (English of course) habit of grumbling on general principles. In all my rambling around England from London to Mouse Hole no innkeeper ever asked an unreasonable compensation, nor more than would have been asked in America for the same sort of entertainment.

The market house of Dunster deserves its high repute, but our other pictures in that neighborhood are even better subjects — an ancient house with a double line of overhang, a corner where the cows go up the lane past the quaint dwellings, but most of all that quarter in the edge of town bearing the perfect name of Nethercote. Here that most admirable feature of English work is found — a winding footbridge beside a ford, both arched, bordered, caressed, and made dear by wonderful trees. Both sides of this bridge were the richest little nests of beauty spots, old gardens with blossoming fruit trees, old cottages with every line of artistry, old paths with entrancing curves. The lady of the party was asked to go up the path beyond the bridge on a walk of discovery while I re-

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corded a cart with boys crossing the ford. At the second opening was the best little composition found in England. We named the cottage "Nethercote." In every form and size it has been seized with avidity in America. We went back to it twice for varying lights or quieter airs. There is also a street above the market of Dunster where the wall-blossoms reach out welcoming hands, or nestle about the steps. Probably there is any number of tiny cities as good as Dunster in England. Some we recall; but if there are hundreds one could not know them all if he lived to be a centenarian. These things come to mind when someone says that he feels he has done England in a month, like the American — a Harvard man too, like the writer — who did the Louvre "thoroughly" in an hour and a half! That is the joy of English travel. It is a poor day that does not lead one to several wonderful villages, landscapes or cottages.

The north coast from Minehead to Land's End is much better than the south coast, good as that is. True, Lynton, and especially Clovelly, have been done to death. But what delights are on the way! The dearest, ivied mill and its pool mirroring the white, horse-tail race; the villages at Lynch and a street in Bossington, best of all. While we were oh-ing and ah-ing on this street we were told it had been selected for its beauty as a moving picture scene.

The sharply crested, partly wooded heights of Devon, with the vales between, are resorts of sylvan quiet abounding in that best of all rural scenery, where one rounded hill peeps from behind another, and cross wall after cross wall dips and rises, each carrying its fine line trees, and the tip of a cottage roof, red with tile, or yellow with thatch shows over the next hill.

It was somewhere hereabout, near Porlock, that the round-stone dove-cote of an old manor farm attracted us. It was a grievance that the lord of the manor might have his dove-cote, but his tenants were forbidden

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the right. But that was long ago, in the bad old days. Squabs provided a very substantial part of the larder at the manor, and if they had been fattened by mothers fed from tenants' grain, why, was not that the divine order of society? The large and solid dove-cotes account for making much of manorial rights. These edifices are among the most decorative in England, sharing the same quality with windmills.

At a cottage door here, we begged permission to picture the garden, brave and gay, with blue borders, and the cottage behind. The housewife was scandalized at the thought of a picture of her cottage before she had scrubbed her steps and brick walk. Nothing for it but to wait for these domestic rites, but it was such a fine composition!

PICTURE JOTTINGS ON THE WYE

THE Wye, famous for its beauty, is at this curve, at Ross, in hawthorn time, as good as its best. With all its elements, it is an epitome of England. The hawthorn adds very much to the joy of an English spring because it grows in odd by-places and fence-rows, where the apple, being cultivated, is not permitted. Thus there is decoration where the eye most wants it. Burns' pair "beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale" is a true picture of outdoor Britain in spring, where indeed all courting ought to be done, and mostly is done, no doubt.

From Ross north we are in the essence of rural England, on the way to Hereford, and close to remarkable Holme Lacy, an estate of historic beauty and importance, where the clipping of the yew has proceeded to an extreme length. Here is a lofty border of yew with the appearance of serried broken cliffs.

The heart rests on the Wye. A kind of benignant content enfolds one in a perfect world. The quick curves of the stream, kissing the feet of



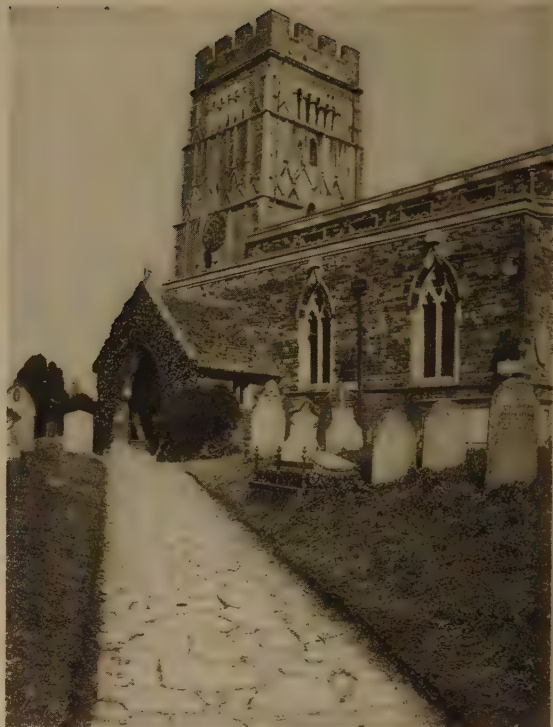
A HORTON COTTAGE



THE HOME AT THE CORNER—SOMERSET



UNDER THE CASTLE—SOMERSET



THE OLD SAXON TOWER



A FARLEIGH ROADSIDE



THE HAWTHORN DELL



WALTON'S DELIGHT



A COTTAGE IN SOMERSET



APPLE IN HEDGE—SOMERSET



A PEASANT'S PALACE



AT ST. MARY'S—TAUNTON



BRADFORD ON AVON



LITTLE CHURCH AND STREET



MUCHELNEY CHURCH



GATES OF A CATHEDRAL CLOSE



INTIMATE COTTAGES



THE BRIDGE IN THE DELL—DUNSTON, SOMERSET



A GARDEN OF DREAMS—LYNCH, SOMERSET

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bold green hills, the farmhouses studded about with blossoms, the wondering flocks, the tumbling clouds, are so fully blended in a unity of beauty as to give pain. One yearns to embrace the spirit of it all.

All the way from Gloucester, through Ross, Hereford, Leominster, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, we are at the source of every sort of intimate beauty, whether of nature, or of culture features, or of their blending. If one had only a week in England it would be best to pass it here in order that a deep impression of the best might be made. But two weeks is the shortest possible space even to glimpse the best of this border land alone.

This region, being close to the Welsh frontier, has still its old castles built to defend the march. The half-timbered dwellings also are as good as can be found in the kingdom. Hereford gives its name to a short-horned, curly headed breed of cattle, gentle, sleek and round as cylinders. Orcharding is much followed, both pear and apple, and the perry and cider are noted. Flocks are numerous enough to contribute to the sense of rural wealth. There is enough rain to keep all out-of-doors green almost through the year. It is a more pleasant region for a long stay than Wales, where the rain often forgets to cease, and the meadows do not open with that sweet abandon that we find in England. But Welsh excursions, if time serves, afford one more contrast.

Monmouth, and Tintern Abbey, and Raglan Castle, an ideally romantic middle-age fortress with its moat, and inner and outer walls, are a part of what is in store for us. The little waterfalls of Wales abound, and abrupt mountains are a suddenly present grim menace, so different from what we have just left to the east.

One should visit, what the guidebooks forget to mention, the banks of the Severn and the lower Wye, at high tide. Unsightly mud flats are then changed to a limpid mirror, lapping at the foundations of castles as at Chepstow, and the little landings of estates.

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The Wye, by boat, is best from Ross to the mouth. Embarking a little before tide is at the full, and moving down rapidly, the satisfaction of the tourist will be in marked contrast to his experience if he neglects this precaution. The Forest of Dean, to the east of the Wye, is another agreeable contrast. The novice in England needs to be reminded that the forest is understood in the Latin sense of *fores*, an uncultivated region where trees may or may not be quite scattered.

We started at Gloucester with its cathedral and its exquisite fan-vaulted cloister — the loveliest in England. Many noble churches, in addition to the always delightful parish church, punctuate all the border. In fact, one can scarcely ask anything of Britain that may not be found within a radius of thirty miles of Hereford.

The little park on the Ludford side of the river at Ludlow is not one to be missed, looking down as it does from the line of trees and ledges on the boiling stream, the good bridge and the jagged roof lines. The second bridge and the castle and cottage roofs beyond are as satisfying as possible. Ludlow is more picturesque than Hereford, and, being smaller, and with a fine early time flavor and beautiful gables, quaint inns, and public structures, is the best point for a considerable stay between the Cotswolds and Shrewsbury or Chester. Market houses and crosses in the smaller towns, the strawberry spread, so luscious, the birthplaces of celebrities, add sauce to the feast, until one fairly gloats over these sources of pleasure, and is full-hearted every hour.

Also, we are here near to the Malvern hills. Journeying from Ross or Hereford to Ledbury, and crossing the heights above Great Malvern, we open the finest valley view, of width and wealth that we gazed on in England.

We are on our way to Worcester, whence we may find delight in returning through Bromyard to Leominster and thence north or south. Hereford or Shropshire would be the counties from which to select a

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residence in England, if one has a real love of the country, and feels no desire for the counties closer to London, which are tamer and more crowded.

Shrewsbury is to some judges the most interesting town of its size in England. What with its noble situation, its history, its fine ancient houses and churches, its bridges and its birth sites of famous men, this hilly old town has an individuality and an appeal which has not failed to hold most of its visitors. Not every city has been held by ancient Britons, Romans, Welsh, Norman, and English, as well as by Roundheads and King's men.

CHESHIRE

THE man who looks for cheese in Cheshire will find it, but let us look for the Dee, more crooked, between Bangor and Holt, than the Mississippi, but small enough to be beautiful. Later it makes down to Chester, the city which Americans know best because it is so near Liverpool. And well does Chester deserve to be known, being, as it is, an epitome of England. Its people have catered so long to American trade that they make one feel at home. Not that one should wish for that sense. We are away to find things other than we see at home.

Chester is not only admirable in itself, but is an excellent center for excursions. It is the north door to beautiful north Wales, as to the Vale of Llangollen, or to Conway. From Chester we found the picture called "Larkspur," which is probably in more homes than any other English picture. Also near here is "Hollyhock Cottage," whose appeal is only second to "Larkspur." The most interesting overshot mill wheels are found on the tributaries of the Dee. In touring it is ever wise to choose roads, as may easily be done by the wonderful maps, that lead along the

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banks of streams. There is always beauty and to spare. A joy about it is that it is even better for the next visitor, after you have been seen admiring it. We said to an owner, "We confess to having stolen something from your estate."

"What is that?" said he.

"We have stolen its beauty, we are carrying it away; and yet we have left as much as we found."

Strange, intangible thing. A plate etched and actually lighter than before, yet with a million strokes upon it, and even so it can record but little of the charm which happily is also etched in the memory.

The road from Chester to Mold is a trifle dull; but taking the route via Hawarden we may refresh ourselves there with memories of Gladstone, and a taste of his strawberries, which the gardener is allowed to sell.

A NEST OF WILTSHIRE VILLAGES

TAKING Chippenham (near Bath) as a center, there are several villages of importance for their beauty and quaintness. Bath may be made instead a center, by those who wish fashionable hotels.

Three or four miles south of Chippenham lies the village of Lacock, where are perhaps two hundred houses, none of which, it is said, have been built within three hundred years. The timbers of some of the gables sweep from the ridgepole to the ground in a single long curve, and are the best for outline that I have seen on small houses. The square with the church is worth while. Some of the door-hoods and the framed overhangs of the gables are altogether delightful. The stream at the rear of the town, with dwellings on the margin, should be included in the drive. The Abbey affords a good example to study for its ancient monastic setting, little disturbed.

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Five miles north of Chippenham is Castle Coombe, which for some unaccountable reason has been left out of the guide books. It held us longer than any other village in England. The market house gable sweeps up in a good line, and the church behind it perfects the composition. The little stream, flanked by a row of cottages with gables, hipped dormers, gabled door-heads, and paneled chimneys, as seen from the bridge is never to be forgotten. Even the bridge could not get across without a curve. It presents a dozen good pictures, of it or from it. On a street winding up the hill, a branch passes a triple gable. The picture "Child Labor" is in the same village. Another branch of the street passes under a dwelling of fine lines, called "The Cottage at the Gate." Consider the privilege of having tea in such a cottage!

The drive following the stream is good for a mile beyond the village limits. Chippenham also has, but a mile to the eastward, the trimmest little street imaginable, a wee village called Sandy Lane. "The Smoke of Evening Fires" is here, and what is or was an inn ("A Rural Turn") which might have lured even Samuel Johnson from London. Boswell did him a good turn to start him about a little. He got very provincial in town; of course had no use for the Scotch, and seemed to regard Lichfield his early home as about the only good county neighborhood. The best feature of this inn is that it does not look like one, but like a quiet, Georgian dwelling, with hip roof and many casements (five to a window), and all including outbuildings in soft browns.

"A Path in Eden" is the beginning of a walk which is worth a pound to a person with well whetted curiosity. Wouldst wish to know what is beyond the great tree? Ah! I shall not tell you. Meantime, what is better than to sojourn in either of the cottages? But we must leave these bowers for a fourth village, out from Chippenham, namely Biddestone. Its triangular green is on all sides faced by dwellings which seem to be on exhibit, vying with one another for our commendation. The horse

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pond which enters so much into the dramatic and fictional work of English literature is possibly not considered a subject of art; but Biddestone has a horse pond that is a picture mirror from every point on its circumference. Across in one direction there is such a little stone house and such a big elm tree above that one must first laugh and then admire.

The church has a wee belfry of peculiar construction, and the village well has a timbered well-house. And yet the existence of this village is ignored in the guide books. Let us say, however, that the longer we con those books the more do we admire the diligence and accuracy of the compilers, and the vastness of the mass of material they contain. England is so rich in interest that no book, however large, could even catalog its worth-while features, still less describe them.

THE ANCESTRAL COUNTRY

THAT about Northampton and Nottingham may be so named.

The various homes of the Washingtons, the Franklins, Bradfords, Brewsters, of all of which we present pictures, are within convenient runs. Our experience at Sulgrave Manor was piquant. The edifice as restored is beautiful, ample, and redolent of old English country life. It was a good thought of our English cousins to form a society to acquire and hold it. We should not cavil that Americans largely supplied the funds. Americans go where they like to feel at home. The writer, on the way in, obtained a very good picture of this fine manor house. While he was setting up the instrument for another angle of view, the custodian came rushing forth to forbid the process. Informed that I had come a hundred miles just for that picture, he explained that the society desired to make money by the sale of postcards. In vain I protested I was not making postcards, and wanted the picture for this

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book, and would pay what was thought handsome for the upkeep. Meantime I had already this picture which is shown. We went through the house where the furnishings were expatiated upon at length, especially a vast, tasteless bed. As we left I said, "There was beside that bed a little table, made to go with a court cupboard, and it was more rare and valuable than everything else in the house, and you didn't mention it." Such are caretakers and institutions. If the man had shown good pictures for sale, well and good, but he had none.

The Washingtons still have some uncertainties clinging about them. The small dwelling at Little Brington, supposed to have been erected when the fortunes of the family declined, bears over the door an interesting quotation thought by some to refer to the loss of a son, by others to the loss of property. The wee village green and pump are good. The church, with a Washington family tablet on the floor, is beautifully situated. Nearly all the parish churches show that a good eye for location conned their erection.

The Franklin house is not the one which was in existence when his family came to America, but the three horseshoes, the sign of the smith, show that the trade was established in the family, and indicate some mechanical knack, and points the invention by Franklin of his stove.

One of the most interesting edifices in England is the church tower at Earl's Barton. It was once not a church tower at all, but an ancient Saxon structure, built as a lookout or defense. When Christianity came in, a church was built against it, in the Gothic form. The great interest in this rare Saxon monument lies in this, that it is all stone, but copies the lines of a half-timbered structure in a perfectly useless way, proving that the half-timbering was older than stone in England, and showing an analogy with the Greek stone dentils copied in temples from the roof timber ends.

THE CASTLES

REPRESENTING at first a military outpost, every Norman castle was founded on the thought that the man in mail was the lord, by divine right, over the rest of men. The military class is, of course, always non-productive, and in some ages worse. The castles were built by English laborers under Norman superintendence, and those castles prevented for hundreds of years the normal course of Saxon development. We exclaim now against their sweeping destruction under Cromwell, but while they stood to protect England they kept it poor. The rise of democracy coincident with the decline of the castle naturally had no possible use for those picturesque edifices. They are the direct opposite of the spirit that kept the paths open. But there is enough of the boy in us all to play with the castle idea. Indeed, in these days when its walls are useless for defense, it is a marvel it is not more often restored as a delightful rambling dwelling. Everywhere in England one sees castles in ruins. The spirit of romance must indeed be at a low ebb. These ivied towers, these green courts, these bold turrets, perfect retreats for the student and the dreamer, these old halls — how fine is their flavor of medievalism, now that its tyranny has departed?

The very saying that an Englishman's house is his castle indicates a spirit which is found almost non-existent. That spirit which men love in Walter Scott, and delighted to follow in his tales, led him to found a house on the old lines. Indeed, we wonder if Americans do not dote on castles far more than the English. Perhaps, being bred in the sight of a ruin, having it underfoot, as it were, prevents their thought of reviving its ancient dignity. Here and there, of course, the titled nobility keep the castles of their fathers, but the large majority, even of this class, dwell in houses that go back only to the seventeenth century.



AT MALMESBURY



LANE OR HIGHWAY—SOMERSET



WINCHESTER



VILLAGE CHURCH—SOMERSET



DAISIES IN THE PATH



A WAYSIDE IDYLL—SOMERSET



DAY'S END ON THE RIVER



FLOWERS IN THE WINDOW—CHURCHINGFORD, SOMERSET



A RIVER ROW



CEDARS, AND SALISBURY CLOISTER



ON THE TEME—LUDLOW



RIVER DALE—LACOCK



TITHING BARN (OVER 800 YEARS)—SOMERSET



WARWICK CASTLE



THE LILAC DRIVE



FOOT BRIDGE AND FORD—DUNSTER

THE ENGLAND OF THE FENS AND SHORES

THAT portion of England called the fen country reminds one of conditions long past. Ely was once an island; the country was a maze of waterways known only to the initiated. Vast forests of majestic oak and pine covered whatever spot rose above the welter. These forests are now mined, as one might say. The mighty boles are found a few feet below the surface, or becoming partly visible as the drainage projects are completed. No such timbers are available elsewhere in England. The lantern of Ely Cathedral is constructed of them. The mystery of their downfall may never be solved.

When first coming to our attention in history, after the Roman Epoch, the fen country was an abode first of pirates, then of patriots. In Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake* we see the fen country as the last forlorn retreat of the Saxons after the Conquest. So that even here there is history underground. It is a curious circumstance that the three regions of the world most celebrated as the refuges of freedom, and the homes of a powerful, independent people, depend on shallows and the sea for their defense and their people became mighty by dwelling on wastes where no one else could live — Venice, Holland, and the Holland of England which, in parts, bears that very name. Its people, indeed, have close fellowship with the Dutch, reaching Holland by the short route. This country was the home of the pilgrims; thence they set out, when driven away, for Holland. And when, years later, they came to America, they found in the salt marshes of Massachusetts conditions identical with those obtaining in both of the old Hollands. They knew how to handle the marsh grasses, found these "sea farms" all cleared for them, fed their cattle from the grass, used the rushes for their thatch and furniture, and must have felt much at home.

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The fascinations of the fen country to persons who love waterways, and are not too hurried, are irresistible. The old way of sailing lazily may still be followed. The visions of the spires across the marshes, the windmills in gentle motion, the softly filling sails of the luggers, carry one into a dream country, a world apart, distinct, peculiar. The rich, flat lands, now redeemed and covered with intensive, successive products, the rippling curves, the water-fowl sailing above, and the cloud wrack over all — it is too beautiful to tell.

Of course, one may use a motor boat, and may also drive by motor through this region, with its queer bridges, its spires, the loftiest of England, and seen across the lowlands at the greatest distances. It is a lure for the fisher, the student, the invalid, and the plain rapturist!

But England in general has more of this lowland. Many of the river valleys, like the Thames, rise little above the flood; counties touching the fens are largely quite level. Boston stump stands out on sea or land, a well known mark from afar, and all England northeast of London seems a prairie.

Kent, and its historic Isle of Thanet, are of the same flat contour, and the name, the Wash, applied to a great estuary of the Humber, farther north, appears to be appropriate to no small part of England. Even on the comparatively rough country of the west coast, there are the estuaries of the Severn, and the Mersey. The bore of the Severn is almost one of the seven wonders of the world. The extent of its flats, stretching many miles at low tide, and the wild-horse speed of its incoming, are celebrated in story, and most beautifully and pathetically in poetry (*Across the Sands of Dee*).

One may say that England historically is more closely connected with the marshes than with any other part of the country. The Saxons themselves first made good on the islands and lowlands about the mouth of the Thames, whose street in London, the Strand, indicates what it once

was. Those amphibians, the Danes, got their permanent footholds in the fens, and made themselves a kingdom, not here alone but at Wexford and Dublin in Ireland. The English come honestly by their adeptness with boats; it is in their blood. They were by necessity sea fighters. In all their conflicts, through the ages, it has been sink or swim, and the great war became the crowning demonstration of that.

It is not an accident that the cocky title "sea lords" is applied to the coterie which manages the fleets of Britain. The English King was the only monarch whose writ ran over the sea, and the question whether or not it should be brought on the War of 1812. The English have always gone down to the sea in ships, but never needed to go down far; in fact, sometimes they went up, as in Holland, for England also has its dykes. It is a curious commentary on the development of character that great things are done mostly where they are most difficult to do. Thus the tide may be said to have made and unmade England. Many shore towns, where now a canoe will scarcely float, were once seaports. Bristol, once the second port in Britain, has now redeemed itself only by cutting a canal miles long to deep water. Liverpool, for years the greatest port in the world, must tie up its commerce to floating docks. To the American in whose land, east and west, vessels lay alongside solid piers, it is a strange experience to observe the handicaps of commerce abroad.

The white cliffs seen by Caesar and the long muster roll of adventurers who turned their prows toward England are, happily for civilization, not a barrier around the island, as the cliffs of Ireland so generally are. The solid basis of England is founded on the sands where were built the ships, which have held up and built up the empire for twelve hundred years.

Under Alfred began that systematic naval development which enabled him to hold in check the Dane, and has rendered England, ever since the Conqueror, immune to the wrath of other powers. From Land's End to

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the Hebrides there are yet treasured spoils from the wreck of the Armada. What Drake did not do to the Spanish a well-timed storm finished, and the trend of history changed. North America received English institutions instead of palsying Spanish tyranny, and the rising of Cuba from her trammels marks the close of the cycle, the aftermath of the Armada.

So, whatever we do in England, we ought to visit those shores which mean so much for liberty and progress, the last line of defense, which America also should glory in, and line up to defend as in the North Sea blockade against the German. The sea has defined and even etched the patriotism of the British. Its benignant influence as a force for unity is inestimable. Races cannot live asunder in Britain. "One element" makes "one race, one law," and the unifying, and finally the clarifying — a more difficult process — of the English spirit have made possible the spread of those great principles which now, adding North America, South Africa, and Australasia to England, are certain to be dominant in the world. The Mediterranean people supplied the culture, the British people the social status of mankind. And since Asia supplied the religion, we are a triply bound up humanity. The church stands for one race; the art gallery for another; the courthouse and the library for the third. We need them all, refined, perfected, as through the ages the one increasing purpose runs. Sea power in history, set forth by Mahan, became the channel of peace over which the spirit of the Bible, the spirit of the thinker, the spirit of the artist, and that of the organizer might freely shuttle back and forth, leaving no hidden bay on any continent without their lifting stimulus.

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THE CHURCHES

IF the castle and the church could not both remain, we are content that the church should have continued its development. Not a village of England but is presided over by an edifice from two to six hundred years old, with few exceptions. The educative effect of living so near a structure which enshrines so much of history in a shape of permanent beauty is so great as almost to have made the English character what it is. A sense of dignity, continuance, an admission that there is something higher than the market place, a spirit of historic perspective — all these are supplied by the church edifice. And since tombstones fall while the church stands, the tablets of churches make history live for those who frequent them. No doubt this is the cause of the general complacency of Englishmen toward the establishment, though perhaps they are otherwise not at all in sympathy with religion or with that aspect of religion represented by the establishment.

THE CHILDREN

THE greatest beauty of England is her children. They are far better in manners than American children. We talked with many of them. It is one of the delights of foreign travel to speak with children on their way from school or by the home gate. Several little girls were telling how they could help their mother. One said, "I tend the baby." Another, "I lay the table." The third, "And I can go to the suds." Uttered with bright enthusiasm.

The humor of the expression for helping in the washing by that little speck of a woman about thirty inches tall has remained in our memory. The children get the idea into their minds that the parents' concerns are

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their own, and they never feel so important as when they share. To see one of these little women try to fit into life is the greatest delight imaginable. On the farms one sees them from two years old riding the big horses that come in from the plowing; of course the little ones guarded by a fatherly hand. But a boy of four would be somewhat resentful if anybody offered to hold him on a horse. Perhaps it is too high a seat to climb alone, but once there he can stick. It is amusing to see the devices a boy will invent to get a-horseback alone. Altogether, the handiest method is to coax the horse up to a fence. Then everything is easy. Of course every child has its pet calf or lamb or chicken, or little garden. The world is theirs, not to leave to someone else but to share and stir about in. A child who feels foreign to what is around him and lacks interest, and frets at the situation as he finds it, is seldom seen. Of course they are not all angelic, but they are started right. There is an amazing difference in English and American parents. Obedience is generally required by our English cousins of their children, and the lawlessness arising from the lack of it, when the late teens are reached, is avoided. They do not consider manhood something to be proved by putting down decency as a humbug.

PROVINCIAL BEAUTY

THE esthetic features of country life in England have been developed to a greater degree than in any other country. Ignoring the landscape art as practiced in Asia and in Egypt, since we know so little of it, and since it was handicapped by the dead flat land, where it flourished most fully, we turn to Italy for the inspiration of very much in the science of landscape gardening. But in Italy the turbulence of the country during so many ages laid low the results achieved by previous

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decay. Further, there was never in Italy the general diffusion of wealth that was found in England. Venice, by the nature of its location, could do little in the way of landscape work. Rome was racked with trouble, and poor. The princes of the small states, like that of Florence, had their formal gardens.

They accomplished much by the combination of architectural features with gardens, as in the famous d'Este estates near Rome. But the one supreme feature of English beauty in landscape could not be had in Italy, and that is the perfect turf. On that basis the Englishman could always rely as the setting for his garden. No country can ever arrive at the highest estate of beauty in landscapes except it be able to produce naturally, without too much coaxing, good English grass. About the classic or renaissance dwelling, which the English erected with the help of Italian architects, the terracing, so common and indeed necessary in a country as uneven as Italy, was employed to form the bounds of gardens. The tourist in England will, however, find his greatest pleasure outside the gates of the great estates.

The manors of England have ten times as many fine settings as the seats of the mighty. The great class of English people who have been able to beautify from one to ten acres has secured the charm inherent in moderate dimensions. It should never be forgotten that a French queen, tired of the great spaces of the Versailles gardens with her friends, developed and delighted in the compact dimensions of Petit Trianon. Transferring this thought to England, many have created there, owing to necessary limitations, what the French queen created from choice.

Beauty has no relation to bigness. On the contrary, any setting which cannot be grasped from one standpoint as a unity is too large for the most attractive effect. The size of a human being should have some relation to the size of a garden. If the garden is too large for one large family it loses in beauty. The relation of affection to esthetics is too intimate

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ever to allow complete separation of thought. The charm of pure beauty is too nearly related to the sense of human enjoyment in company with other human beings to permit any successful analysis of the charm of gardens. For how, for long, can one be happy in a garden alone? Adam would not have remained in the garden Eastward in Eden nearly as long as he did had it not been for Eve. It is overlooked, in the profound wisdom of this story, that there was a life in Eden. And if to be with Eve Adam went out, it would be a very ungallant and ignorant son of Adam who did not admit that it is Eve who has brought him back into a garden. This garden is doubtless less extensive than the original, and may have less manner of fruits, but if it be large enough for the family and contain all they can eat and enough delights of the eye to keep the eye occupied, why have it larger? It is not the biggest men, it is not the largest hearted women who do the most running to and fro on the earth. Many persons have moved so fast and so far and have impinged against so many things that their features of character are all rubbed smooth, and they lose interest in themselves as every one loses interest in them.

Sharply defined characters, whom it is a treat and an education to know, are persons who have taken root in the earth, and grown with reference to the contour of the country and the customs of the people around them. There is depth in persons who know a few things well. Indeed, no man can be a person of broad, general culture without a foundation in at least one aspect of special culture.

One neighbor of mine has developed the cosmos to such a size and beauty as to have no rivals. Another neighbor has brought the culture of the carnation to a height of perfection. As a consequence, we may have in all our homes these highest types.

So it will be a sad day when Englishmen and Americans are all alike. The superficial laugh at the peculiarities of provincials or strangers. It



OLD HOUSE—LUDLOW



BEYOND THE GATE



SULGRAVE MANOR



AN ENGLISH GATE



THE FARM HOUSE BROOK



SHERWOOD FOREST



TEME BANKS—LUDFORD



ON THE HEIGHTS—MONMOUTH



A RIVER FARM—CHIPPENHAM, WILTSHIRE



UP THE MOUNTAIN VALE



A SUFFOLK VILLAGE



THE COTTAGE AT THE GATE



HOLLYHOCK COTTAGE



MAJESTIC BEECHES



A DERBY FORD



BANBURY CROSS



CHURCH LANE—WINCHESTER



DERBYSHIRE PEAKS



A FLOWERY PATH

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is these very peculiarities which make the provincial interesting, and a more valuable member of society. To observe how character connects itself with location has made novelists like Black and Hardy. What is more quoted than Tennyson's Northern Farmer?

It is not the big or even moderate-sized gardens of England that afford the finest interest. It is the connection of the garden with the dwelling and the vicinity around it. Even without a garden, an English valley is too beautiful for words. It is the conjunction of several matters, each essential, that completes our conquest as we gaze on an English scene, such as may be found from ten thousand slopes. The church speaks not only for faith and hope but for continuity. Has it not stood there for ten or twenty generations? The cottages and the manor speak of an agreement upon essential matters of different classes of society. They prove by their beauty and age that something worth while and lasting can be, and still is. The confident, even flow of the stream down the valley to its destination in the sea is a touch to remind one that even a secluded vale is tied to the world without. There is a current through even the quietest village. The noble trees are every one a monument of the power of beauty; for all are fostered or tolerated purely for appearance, and every economist knows that a tree means a financial tribute to beauty. Every one of the millions of trees in England is a prayer, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!" And the trees are the dominating feature in the English landscape. Then there is all about, and between all, that rich, soft English grass, the groundwork on which the glorious whole is painted. When the hills, carved by the ages, colored and softened by the sunlight, are added as a frame, we have our finished picture. It is enough.

The esthetic outcome that has crowned a thousand years of mellowing English history now exists for us. I always feel indebted for the privilege of scanning an intimate English landscape, when I think how many

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centuries it has required to create it, and what a number of elements have combined to secure the thing as it is today. It is a wickedness to destroy it, for, once gone, it would be a thousand years again before it could be brought back. Look reverently, then, down upon the valley of the Wye, over the hedges, through the orchards, across the red roofs, under the piling clouds, at the sinuous river. Consciously or unconsciously at least thirty generations have fought and toiled and prayed to bring it to what you see now.

By all that is decent toward the dead, from Agincourt to Flanders, by all that is responsive to the stately prose of Milton, thrilling to the theme of English liberties, let us enjoy the England that we have, even while we humbly and eagerly add the little effort of our day to the ages gone. So good is what one sees that one can imagine something better. There is no stimulant to improvement like a vision of beauty. There is nothing that revives the blood like the England that is, when we remember at what a cost she was saved. What oceans do not possess in their hidden depths the graves of Englishmen who left England to free it from the tyranny of Spain, or the piracy of the East, or the want that only the sea road could supply? Where is the land not enriched by the bones of English pioneers, from Baffinland to the frozen sea where blazes the Southern Cross. England is the source, the inspiration, the achievement, the monument of the heroism, the vision, the mentality, which has breasted and peeréd through, and resolved the questions of the ages, and, by the providence of God, despite error, still has given us this established England. Let this citizen of America, and others, bring the admiration and love awakened by history to lay as a crown upon her beauty. How radiantly and genuinely thankful are we that England lies before us, ours by heritage, ours by adoption, ours by affection!

What a deep shame to his country is that American, as a few there may be, who bustles across country in a closed car, fretting to reach the next

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stage where he may let loose his appetite, pour out his blatancies, scatter his funds, and become two-fold more an ass than when he left home.

As one sinner destroys much good, it is easy to see that one flamboyant American can be more conspicuous in his silliness than a large number of his quiet countrymen who come in the fulfilment of a dream to visit a Mecca; who wander, bathed in delight, from village to village, from valley to valley, and tread the selfsame soil their fathers left, driven by persecution, ambition, or despair. O kind Englishman, by the fact that we come to you in myriads, a hundred times as many as those of you that come to us, let our very coming serve as the overture of good hearts, that wish to love and share with you a priceless heritage! Our sharing does not impoverish you, but makes us both richer. For one hand held in friendliness, a generation ago, across the sea to you, there are today a thousand. You belong to us because of what we have of your spirit. Child and parent, even, may misunderstand one another, but experience brings out the good as well as the bad in each. As long as the cliffs of Albion and the stream of Stratford's Avon endure, as long as the Hudson flows and the Rockies glow in the West, we are sure in the faith that the same aims, the same toils, the same mutual respect shall bind us in a larger nationality, dedicated to the purpose that the world shall be square and decent and beautiful.

If a sweet, low-lying English valley can bring into the mind of an American the sense of continuous racial development, it has been worth while to come to England. To broaden a mind, to call out a latent power, a homeland journey has its positive value. If the American gives back much more than he has given, the sense of humanity's team work, fighting for equal opportunity, will grip his mind when he travels in England, and make him glad he has come. Physically we are fast coming together. The width of the Atlantic has for all of us, decreased ten times in a hundred years, and for our Lindbergh it has decreased to an excursion

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between meals. A braver prophet may say what another hundred years will do, but in this weighty, moral decision we are fixed. It is our business, from now on, to stick together, ignoring every cheap politician who would keep us apart. The finest hopes of humanity are dependent upon the steady pressure of English-speaking men for a spirit of unity. We seek the same things. Whatever you wished for or we wished for in a former time neither of us now desires to conquer, to ride down, or exploit any other race whatever. The race we all love will be that which is exalted only by lifting some other race. France exists today because of her own efforts, plus the efforts of England and America, because the foe of one race is the foe of all. Whatever the mixed motives that move us, or you, the outstanding fact is, that France exists and is not confined. The conflict that lifts up one nation is at last seen to be the conflict that lifts all. A strange failure to understand England and America rests like an obsession on diplomacy. But this much the blindest ought to see: England and America are determined that nobody shall be ground under heel. Let no one quote the past to us. Whatever has been, our faces are turned and set toward the same substantial aims, now and henceforward.

Let us rest and refresh our minds and bodies wandering over your historic fields. Every decent American who comes home from the British Isles is a unionist, believes in one great law of all for all, a world beautiful because a fine spirit is growing every year.

NEW AND OLD

THE Englishman as well as the American often dearly loves a fake. Not a few dwellings, plastered without, are painted over with lines to represent half-timbered houses. There is so much of the real thing in

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England that one would think imitation unnecessary. Similarly, within the house, and especially the inns, since the war, there is a plethora of poorly executed furniture copied from old designs. In one inn we expressed surprise at the universal newness, and were told that the inn was five hundred years old. There was, however, nowhere a vestige of age, and I think my informant must have referred to the foundations. It has been found that Americans delight in old homes. So you find many inns with timbers painted in shiny black. The deception may be made to answer on some persons, but such must be of a very unobserving habit.

The war has not modernized the Englishman. He will plant a new hedge and on both sides of it will erect a very expensive fence to protect the growth. It is nothing to him that the fence is better, and more economical. He has always had a hedge. He wants a hedge, and a hedge he will have to the end of time.

No nationality can be characterized by wholesale, or with a single adjective. Good and bad, and not a few of both are found among every tribe and nation. No mark of provincialism is more garish than that which appears in the foreigner sneering against the mixture of Americans. The American, even if he traces his blue blood without mixture for ten generations is nevertheless a member of a mixed race. How much of Celt, of Saxon, of Roman, of Dane, and of aboriginal stock, before we can begin to reckon, is in the blood of every Englishman and of every American of English descent, no man knows. Pride of race is the mark of thoughtlessness or ignorance of history. It has been computed that every American reckoning back 660 years, to the time when many cathedrals were completed in England, namely to 1265, or two hundred years after the Norman conquest, has four million ancestors. That is, every generation doubles the number of our ancestors. In other words, the number of your direct ancestors in 1265 was as great as the entire popula-

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tion of England at that time, and reckons not only kings but some of the basest of mankind. There is no man without royal or saintly ancestor. There is no man without the best and the worst possible ancestry.

Hence it becomes every man to be humble and proud of race, and to take notice that there are sufficient noble elements in his ancestry to make him, if he reproduces them, the mightiest and best of this generation.

But the English race as a predominating feature is marked by individualism, and the love of free institutions. It is not marked by great quickness of mind, and solid rather than brilliant qualities are apparent in its history. In making war the English and Americans bungle through. The great military leaders of England have been Irish or at least Celt.

The Celtic race are more clannish and readier to follow a chief. Neither Wellington, nor Marlborough, nor Roberts, nor Haig was an Englishman. Yet English cross-bowmen won the great battles of the middle ages.

The English beyond any other great nation love the water. That love is bred in the bone; owing to their insular position they are maritime by necessity, by training, and by predilection.

This fact accounts for their supremacy by sea since they became a numerous nation. Our nation, before the middle of the nineteenth century, was precisely the same water-loving, water-conquering people. Only the development of our hinterland has set westward the face of our adventurous spirits, and has changed the habit of a hundred generations.

The insular and conservative habit of the Briton has combined with his valor in the continuance of his government with less change than that of any nation on earth, not excepting the Chinese. The Chinese have been ruled by the alien Manchu for 250 years.

Britain soon absorbed the few Normans who came over in 1066, and without radical change of race may be said to be a nation under their own rule from time immemorial, for the Saxons who predominate in England

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were a self-governing people as far back as history goes. They were never conquered by the Romans. They have always been on their own soil, and, with the brief intermission of the conquest, locally governed, under more than a semblance of freedom. They have been an out-of-door, hardy nation since the beginning of time.

Tuberculosis has been the great scourge of modern times, and of course in earlier ages the black death, and every form of plague that can live in a cool climate, has ravaged them. Their dwellings are cold. Very few days in the year are they tolerable to an American, who suffers more from cold in Britain than from all other causes together, except in July and August, and often then. The English climate differs greatly in different years, but eastern England may be called about like New England, for rain, while western England and Wales is much wetter, seldom hot, and never as hot as New England. Southwest England is never very cold, and seldom comfortably warm without fires. Central heating, as they term furnace or water heat, is rare. Hotel rooms out of London are often bitterly cold, seldom endurable to sit in.

The English, inured to the conditions, are the better for them — when they live through them. Consumption mows them down like grass. When this scourge is conquered they will be a wonderfully virile race. Their climate and their love of out-of-doors makes them the greatest walkers on earth, and when they take a walk for exercise they go as to a fire.

Their life, their newspapers, are seemingly more than half sport. Since the war they keep no sensible balance. A notice on a rural post-office reads — “Big Whist Drive — All Night Dance.” What anyone can be good for after such an orgy is clear. Their climate stimulates the love of strong drink. To warm up somehow is the aim. In quieter or more careful circles this is secured by vast quantities of tea. They use so much water for bathing — sloshing and breathing like behemoth, that

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they have no water left to drink. No water is given you at table unless you ask for it, and are willing to be considered queer. The English alternative for alcoholic beverage is ginger ale, — warming, cheap, and better than in America. The English sensibly dress much more warmly than we, especially the women. But it is pitiful to see swarms of children, bare far above the knees, playing in the chill and wet, and blue with cold. Of necessity they are hearty at table, and in the long run must outdo the American, competing in his hot office, with them, whose brains are cool.

The adventurous, of course, have broken loose, and peopled America, Canada, Australia, South Africa. The younger son has gone out, settled, established, and generally blessed the earth. As Mark Twain said, "They are a great race. They rule over a third of the earth's surface and a quarter of its inhabitants. And I now perceive they are mentioned in the Bible. 'The meek shall inherit the earth.'" I recounted that joke before a large dinner table in England. I did not evoke a smile. The big, solid heads wagged approval, and they all agreed that their peaceable nature, their readiness to be put upon, was the cause of their victorious progress. As a matter of fact, their usual success has of course rendered them conceited, and the fact that they were going down under the scientific German does not seem to have cured them, except in the case of the few broad, far-seeing men.

At present, the dole paid to the unemployed is working havoc to character and to material success. Shiftless young fellows, whose parents feed them, draw the dole, have plenty of spending money. Women have been known to marry men drawing the dole, and so sharing it and even increasing it. A man with a very large family was saying that he drew thirty-seven shillings a week, and wished he had one more bairn, "as that, d'ye see, would be about right. I can live on forty shillings." There is no manner of separating the sheep from the goats. One of the socialist



BIDDESTONE STREET



SPIRE BETWEEN HAWTHORNS—LUDLOW



SUMMER ON THE AVON



TWO LITTLE HOMES—BIDDESTONE



ON THE AVON



A DOORWAY COLLOQUY



DRUID'S GLEN



WOODLAND WATER



OLD MOAT OF RAGLAN



UNDER THE BEECHES



THE PURPLE DOOR



IN THE WELSH UPLAND



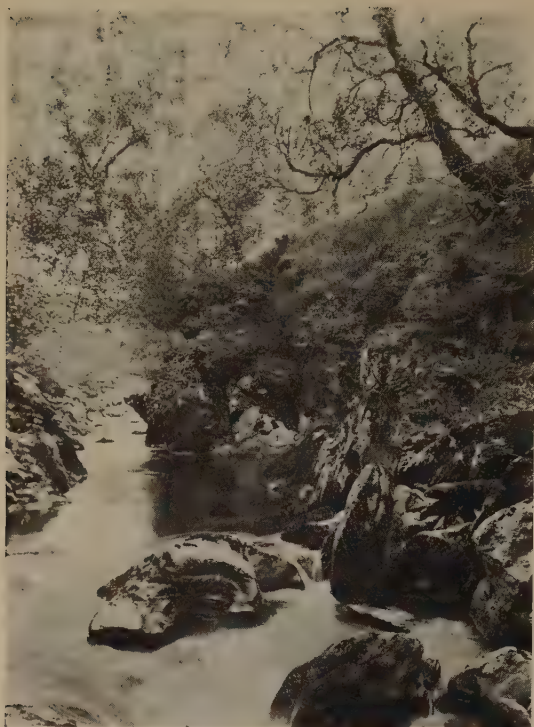
THE SIX SISTERS



THE SMOKE OF EVENING FIRES



THE HILLS OF WALES



AT THE SOURCE



A WELSH CANAL



LORNA DOONE



LORNA DOONE CHURCH



A WELSH STRONGHOLD



WALES—LARKSPUR

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leaders has said out loud that a young man who won't accept a job on a farm ought to starve. But many men decline to do anything unless work at their trade is offered them. When such men do work you may readily imagine how agile they will show themselves.

Meantime the laborer who really labors of course pays a great part of the dole. This makes taxes so high that one dares not enter on enterprises, and so there is less work, and the vicious circle is complete. What the end will be no man can know, but we know Rome was ruined by free bread.

The large majority of Englishmen are against the dole, but the great parties pander for votes in the old Roman way, and the idle hold the balance of power. Work becomes more and more expensive. When we passed nine men on the road every man leaned on his implement, whereas in America two of the nine would continue at work. On the theory of doing as little as they can to make work for others, they frighten capital. Of course there is plenty of work for everybody in every country all the time if one gives an honest equivalent of labor. Mr. Ford pays more than others, but his workers must be alert or the chain is broken. It is not, never was, never will be a question of wages. It is a question of honesty. It is merely a matter of a man's making himself valuable. There is not an employer in the world who is not looking for men suitable for advancement. The Englishman has as a rule shown himself sturdy and independent. Vicious politics and the great war have hurt all other nations more than Germany. No European nation like England, France, or Italy can ever pay its bills. They tell us Germany grows stronger in men, France grows weaker, and it is only a question of time for all the past to be gone through again, and then we shall all begin again at the bottom. God leads men by a long way through the wilderness, but at present we are under Sinai, and Jordan is not in sight.

Leaving this aspect, I will merely say that I have not yet talked with

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any American, traveling abroad, who does not fully believe in throwing our country's weight into an unmistakable line-up with England. But the Englishman, as an individual, is not surpassed — perhaps he is not equalled. A great awakening is coming to many. In courage, in virility, in persistence, in his final approval of the best, the Englishman is pre-eminent. Families are better brought up than here. Children in the provincial towns go to school as well clothed, and with better manners than our own. They face life expecting to fight its battles, and confident of final victory.

The English often like long names, and adopt many phrases, the humor of which seems to escape them. Thus I saw an old firm in Plymouth advertising as "Ophthalmic Opticians"; several times the sign, "The Inn Hotel," and once, "Road Avenue"!

The hotels outside of London are almost universally dreary. In the city of Plymouth, as large as Providence, I was told at a great hotel that there was no room with bath in Plymouth. Yet in most respects it is a fine modern city. In little Pamplona, Spain, there is better accommodation.

Fires, needed from four in the afternoon, cost three shillings six pence, and of course in the morning it is frigid, as one must open a window. Some of the rooms are very large. In one a man kissed his wife goodbye when he started for the other end of the room. This is not so bad, but the breakfast room is about 50 degrees. What the poor children in school do, I don't know. One aged man at an inn was rubbing his hands as he sat at dinner. As he needed his hands to feed himself I wondered he did not wear mittens.

The season in South England is not a bit ahead of New England, for though palms exist out-of-doors at Torquay there are few warm spring days.

As to orchards, we visited all the notable apple-raising counties, but saw

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no large trees and no orchards we should here call thrifty. We could see no difference in the season in going from Liverpool, two hundred miles south. And we are told a journey of two hundred miles north would have resulted similarly. Spring begins everywhere at once, at such varying latitudes as Quebec and Greenland, or Boston and Virginia.

The law is far better enforced in England than in America. The bobbies are uniformly kind and polite, always seeking to serve. We saw not one speed sign, and very little speeding. The roads have not one motor where ours have ten, and travel by motor is therefore comparatively agreeable. But many roads are very narrow, and a great part of the way the hedge obscures any view whatever.

Farming does not pay, but the hard worker and small drinker exists.

Milk is higher than here, but food is generally scarcely higher and rents are no dearer. Yet it is harder to earn the wherewith to buy, and America is still the place where wages go farther than anywhere else on earth.

THE GORSE

THEY call it furze also, but however named it is superb, and lasts some weeks in its prime. We found it in April all about the moors of Cornwall. It is somewhat later farther north. It is a saying that kissing and courting are permissible only when the gorse is in bloom. My informant, a pretty old boy, said, with a twinkle in his eye, that he could always find a bush in bloom somewhere; and even at Christmas, above the new snow, it appeared here and there. The color, in mass, is so brilliant as to dazzle any but the strongest eyes.

The effects of the gorse are impossible to render without color, hence we regretfully omit it. But against a blue sky and ocean, as it is often found on the rolling downs or cliffs near the ocean, it is gorgeous indeed.

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About Boscastle there comes this tumbling sea of yellow, as if to make up to the inhabitants for the sober period of the year when the moors offer little, except to a poet. And even Tennyson exclaimed, "Oh, the dreary, dreary moorland!" It is little wonder the dwellings are few on the moors, as the lands which are gorse covered grow little that is useful, and if gorse cannot grow, nothing will.

WINCHESTER AND SALISBURY

ONE may make a headquarters at either of these towns. Presuming that we choose Winchester, the routes from it may be: Southampton, Lyndhurst (for New Forest), Bournemouth, Ringwood, Fordingbridge, Salisbury, Amesbury (Stonehenge), Andover, Whitechurch, Stockbridge, Winchester.

This route requires at least two days. Or it may be divided by taking New Forest one day, returning to Winchester through Romsey and taking Salisbury the next day. Winchester itself, from its age and the retention of its old features, is as good a type as England shows. We find an inn here whose courtyard opens from the dining room, where we ate strawberries and had as spectator, the other side of the glass in a grassy court, a dear little inquisitive fawn.

The judge moved in procession to the assizes, and a very stately procession it was. The English rightly give honor to their judges, and surround them with no little pomp and circumstance. The sheriff and his men on horseback, the formal coach for his honor, and all rich in colored uniforms, gave emphasis for that reverence for law which is the cornerstone of English progress.

The cathedral is an example of humble beginnings become great in after ages. There can be little doubt that the first little chapel was formed

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of pales in two lines, the one end sunk in earth, the other end sprung to meet its companion and tied to it, thus forming a pointed arch and suggesting the Gothic arch. As the years advanced there was an attempt to copy this design in stone, and the nave of a church resulted. At Winchester there is a deep, alluvial shore by the River Itchen. When the church grew to a cathedral with its tower, and aisles were added by the same process of evolution, the vast weight proved too much for the foundation. Modern schemes of placing concrete under standing buildings have been resorted to. The same process has been gone through in Chicago. The cathedral is still out of plumb; but its hoary antiquity, and its association with the early monarchy, when Winchester was the capital and coronations took place in this most historic edifice, are fitted to stir the interest and imagination. An entire library exists on the place of Winchester in history, and we do not concern ourselves to rehearse what has been so thoroughly done. This is a picture story only.

Southampton, vying now with Liverpool, London, and Plymouth as a great port for America, is also a point of departure for the Isle of Wight and the New Forest. The drives through the Forest may occupy one happily for days. The so-called English forests have now become, in a manner, parks for the public. There is still a large number of fine trees, and they invite a retreat for a day now and then to the sylvan life, where protection from sun and quiet quarters invite solitude and repose.

Southampton Water and the River Itchen were one of the Roman ways of approach to Britain, after their empire became consolidated.

It is of course presumed that every town in Britain ending in *chester* or *caster* was once a Roman fortified camp, the termination having that meaning. Some of these camps became great cities, and some were abandoned by the Romans themselves as the military needs of the country changed. But the old cross-roads at the centers of such towns were part

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of the Roman plan. While London was even then their metropolis, York was their great military center, and there the commander-in-chief, often the Emperor himself, resided. The total abandonment of many important Roman towns shows how complete was the wiping out of their dominion. Bath, for instance, was developed by them to a degree of luxurious and architectural splendor, but the very place was forgotten for centuries.

Winchester has ever continued a place of more or less importance, and, as is always the case in old towns that do not become too large, there is in Winchester the atmosphere of antiquity lacking in the great cities of Britain. It is not too near London to lose its independent existence, but can maintain a character of its own.

As we approach London, every town for forty miles distant from the center shows its dependence. It lacks completeness; is scarcely an entity. There are myriads of beautiful estates, but the civic life is too much influenced by the great city to have the attraction of the distant provincial towns. Everything is either too much combed out and artificial, or it is tawdry with tasteless tenements. England beautiful is therefore to be found, so far as the roadsides and natural charm are concerned, well away from suburban areas.

We may make another circuit from Winchester to Portsmouth, which includes in its metopolitan area five sections. The greatest naval port of the world is here, as well as Nelson's *Victory*, restored to her appearance as when he commanded her and died on her at Trafalgar.

We may circle back by Petersfield, Alton, Basingstoke, Whitechurch, to Winchester.

On all these excursions the matters of greatest interest are the roadsides, brooks, cottages, churches, none supposed worthy of interest except the last, but all teeming with charms for the seeing eye.

Among the important estates in Surrey mentioned by Ogilvy is Bay-

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nards. Unseen from the world at large, like most English house places, it is known only by passing into the park by a long drive. It was a part of King Harold's personal domain before the Conquest. It passed first to Baynard, a companion of the Conqueror, later to a son of King Stephen. It is supposed William Sidney first enclosed it in 1447. Sir Reginald Bray acquired it with Vachery. It was he who found the crown lodged on a thorn bush after the battle of Bosworth. He arranged the marriage of Henry VII with the daughter of Edward IV, and thus united the houses of York and Lancaster, ending a dreary period of English history.

As prime minister, he built the famous Henry VII Chapel at Westminster, and at Windsor, also, the chapel that is named for him. It is such interweaving of history with these beautiful homes that gives them an interest added to their charm. Sir William, more than his son George, improved it, and from 1577 onward new buildings were added to the old.

Richard Evelyn, the diarist's father, acquired it, and through marriage of his grand-daughter to William Montague, it passed into new hands after 1669. Thence it passed to Lord Onslow in 1717, and in 1818 to John Smallpiece, who, whatever his name, had a piece of land that was by no means small.

After several other changes in ownership the place came into the hands of Thomas J. Waller, Esquire.

The fine coloring of the mottled brick surfaces, the mossy Horsham slate, the sharp gables and tall chimney stacks, the ivied walls, all set in walled gardens with terraces, the alleys of yew and cedar, and, beyond, the park seen through the grilled doors of floral design, are a satisfactory ensemble.

In fact this residence lacked nothing even to garden statuary, ponds, moats, brooks, of those features with which the English country gentleman loved to surround himself on his home acres.

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Within, here as in many places elsewhere, a large lantern in the hall roof takes the place of the original smoke vent in the days before chimneys. As was natural, the fireplace, being an addition and counted a luxury, was embellished, its marble or stone cut with the family arms and other decorations, and the names of successive owners, to draw together, as it were, the generations into one, and give a unity of spirit to all. Thus the ghosts of the worthies cluster about the hearth, and the children draw in with their breath an understanding of old England, of its hidden springs of action, its stolid endurance, its loyalty and love of liberty. The armor was worn by those who defended the homestead, the tapestry emblazons their deeds, their effigies adorn the walls; the very furniture and silver is often the same they used, and the sense of continuity, especially in places that have not changed families, is utterly overwhelming.

Thus here is Queen Elizabeth's bed, and the chest in which Sir Thomas More's head was kept. But all this interest, beautiful or awful, is shut away from the traveler, as the estate has suffered from vandalism. It is seldom understood by Americans that any estate is opened only at much trouble and expense. One or several persons must be kept to escort visitors, and a certain wear and tear and risk ensues, and the family of course loses all opportunity for privacy. It is a wonder any of these old places are made accessible to the public. That they are accessible speaks much for the good humor of Englishmen, and their sense that, so far as reasonably feasible, they should make the beauty and history of the realm available to all.

Walton House near by may at times be seen. It is attractive in itself and of interest owing to the Evelyn family, since John Evelyn gave us in the long span of his life a picture of his times worth a whole library of ordinary books.

The Surrey region was, before the age of coal and machinery, studded



A LACOCK SQUARE



BISHOP'S GARDENS—WELLS



ANGEL INN GARDEN—CHIPPENHAM, WILTSHIRE



THE HOUSE PATH—LACOCK, WILTSHIRE



CROWNING THE HILL—CHERWELL



LACOCK GABLES—LACOCK



A CORNER IN WALES



IN A CLOISTER—CANTERBURY



ALLERFORD



THE MOATED GRANGE—GLOUCESTER



THE BROOK FORD—LACOCK



BROADWAY—GLOUCESTER



HAWTHORNSIDE—NEAR GLOUCESTER



WHERE ROAD MEETS LANE



GLoucester Cloister

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with many "hammer ponds," — that is, small mill ponds to supply power for smelting iron with charcoal, and for forging it.

The old mills here and there remaining are, of course, disused, but no less picturesque on that account.

Few remember the early story of iron, and how slow and tedious was its manufacture. That a good quality was produced by the crude methods then used speaks much for the patience and skill of the early artisans. Here is the real beginning of that iron age, which more than any other material thing has made England. But the very industry denuded the country of its trees and devoured itself, compelling, really, the experiments which brought in coal and shifted industry to the Black Country, leaving these southern counties to recover their sylvan beauties, and to become the home of myriads who love to retreat from the town.

Leith Hill has a tower with the most extensive view of villages and estates in England. It ranges from London to the Channel, and includes practically every species of English landscape.

Shere has been thought the finest village in Surrey, and is largely sought by tourists.

THE DEBT OF COUNTRY TO TOWN

IT is an odd paradox that were it not for the cities there would be far less development of beauty in the country, and less appreciation of that beauty. Those who in modern life are held largely to city duties have a keen eye for the country whenever they can get to it. Never has so much been written of the country as during the last generation, coincident with the creation of great cities. The education, wealth, and enthusiasm of city people has led them to explore and analyze the minutest aspects of country life. The angles of view on the landscapes, the streams, the edifices, have been studied and pointed out. Botany and geology have

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become almost popular. The taste for building has been indulged without limit, and sometimes a new or curious or attractive assemblage of wings or roofs has been hit upon or thought out. The most beautiful places in England, or in any other country, are those in which advantage is taken of rural lore and of classical knowledge to draft into one estate those shapes in garden or dwelling which have approved themselves most fully to the generations, and have stood the test of climate and fickle fashion. So that now, from one end of the Kingdom to the other, the features which have made the English country home most entrancingly attractive are to be found repeated in some sort of modification.

Thus the Englishman, weary of politics, trade, or manufacture, retreats to that treasure where his heart is, the old manor, redolent of noble or piquant associations, enriched by every decorative imagining that has occurred to previous owners, and at length become a shrine of excellence. Nature and art gently blend into one another, so that the keenest eye is often at a loss to know where one begins and another leaves off.

The city man, transported by atavism to the country, approaches the subject of a home created in proper surroundings with a zest and ability often lacking to the old country resident. The consequence is that many comparatively recent country places have been created with so much zeal and knowledge that the mellowing effect of the English climate and the rapid growth of vines and mosses leave the casual gazer at a loss to know whether he has not dropped down into a place of dreams, an ideal embodiment of all he has longed for in the country. In those very numerous instances of the purchase and restoration of really old places the results are even finer, provided only wealth is wedded to knowledge. It is thus doubtless true that many if not most of the ancient places of England are finer than they ever were. They have been softened and humanized. Age itself has improved them, while modern comforts have been added without destroying the meritorious features of the past. No

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one, certainly, can avoid being distressed by the multitude of tasteless homes. But, when those are overlooked, the total array of beautiful, romantic, sweetly alluring residences in England is no doubt greater than at any previous time.

The cottage, if the shocking corrugated iron roof can be done away with, may still be a wonder of beauty. And the next better degree of dwellings, as old manors, converted abbeys, and castles are as nearly perfect as human thought can make them. Americans have still much to learn from them. The first is to copy their solidity; the next is to give them an indigenous appearance, and the last is to space them with ample and embellished grounds.

RAINY DAYS

EVERY day is good if we find appropriate ways of filling it, and this is emphatically true where rains are frequent. Dull days in an old country are rich in possibilities.

Looking forward to the likelihood of rain, plans should be made to end a day's journey at a town which offers interest within doors. The provincial towns of England, in great numbers, have local museums with good pictures and with the spoils of old civilizations. At Glastonbury one finds the remarkable remains of a lake village, built thus to secure it from attack. The study of the life of that time, with the help of the implements, drawings, and records of all sorts, makes the people of the past live again. It shows us an era even older than the magnificent ruins of the early monastic age. Thus the local museums, with their Celtic, Roman, or Saxon remains, give point to one's visit to ruins of castles, old dwellings, churches, mounds. The local museums often have works of art by local men, and thus there is a pleasant touch of personality in the landscape. One may see on rainy days the works of Constable, and, when

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the clouds are gone, may follow his haunts and find some of the spots he made famous.

The shops of early furniture and curios afford endless diversion to that numerous and glowing fellowship which seeks the best of the past.

THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY

THOUGH much proclaimed, its beauty is not over-estimated, and of course its historic connection cannot be.

The Shakespeare houses are not remarkable without, but a street scene, "Old Warwick," is among the best in England.

The Hathaway cottage with its gardens is very good in itself aside from its sentimental interest. And Kenilworth never ceases to attract. There are several good aspects of this group of ruins of which "Caesar's" tower is the boldest, and the banqueting hall the most interesting. It would add much to the interest here if the moat could be restored, a matter of no great difficulty as the water is abundant. One notes, regarding the old castles, that their situation is seldom chosen with a view to defense, except as regards moats. It is seldom that the bold cliffs, such as the Austrian castles depended upon, are available in England, but even where available they are almost never marked by old castles. The British earthworks are more likely to be located on crests easy for defense.

The baths at Leamington add still further to the attractions of this region which with Warwick castle and church, and the other objects we have mentioned, supply a fine variety for the study of old England in a small area. If the memorial theatre, attractive though new, is thrown into the scale, this vicinity becomes highly worthy of its popularity which perhaps exceeds that of any other part of England.

PECULIAR ENGLISH FEATURES

THE narrowness of the roads is the first impression made on an American. These roads are easily explained, since roads are mostly a slow development from the horse paths of a thousand years ago. Agitation for broadening the roads at a cost which may run into billions is now going on. A few of the great through roads are already widened, in parts.

Meantime there is in narrow roads a pleasing quality. A very broad road cannot be picturesque, any more than a broad river. The scale of the narrow road fits the cottages and other culture features on its border. The hedges when high, and that is the usual condition, form something like a tunnel, in which the only distant view is the sky. When this tunnel is arched with bordering trees the effect is cozy and most satisfactory.

But the turns are often abrupt and blind. In the villages especially one dodges about in old streets, jogging first right then left, until the maze is complete. It is as if the dwellings were erected first and the ways then grew about them. It will be a work of centuries to straighten the roads completely. It is even unnecessary and undesirable to undertake such a work on quite minor roads. The narrow way gave rise to the overhang house, where each story projects beyond the one below. Thus two objects are attained at once — the rooms were made larger and the stories were protected from the rain, the topmost having the benefit, for this purpose, of the projecting gables.

The peculiarly crowded condition of the dwellings did not arise from high values for land, but from huddling behind walls and under castles, for protection. Thus the very churches were cramped for space, and generally lack dignified approaches.

There was a partial exception to this condition even in small towns,

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where a single square was formed. Within this square the people gathered in time of tumult, and on gala days. Its dimensions were restricted, for the reasons already given, but it was a natural outgrowth from a castle court.

In the square is, or was, a market house on which the masons or joiners of the day did their best, which was excellent, in design and execution.

In the absence of a market house there was an elaborate cross, often called a market cross or butter cross. On many country road intersections a cross was erected for religious reasons only. Instances are known of the erection of crosses to show the stages of pilgrimage of some beloved queen. The origin of this custom is traceable to the conversion of a region to Christianity, the foremost cross marking the limit of the gospel conquest at the time.

The stocks before the church, or otherwise very publicly located, were so placed that the disgrace of punishment might act as a future prevention of wrong doing. Some of these ancient stocks remain. The ducking stool also was openly located, for when a convicted scold was punished the "thing was not done in a corner." We understand that there is now no legal way of restricting the continual scold of which even Solomon complained. Our ancestors used more heroic measures. The town pump was sometimes honored by a canopy of pleasing design.

We don't find an ancient bandstand, the presumption being that the early English either disliked noise or could make enough without a spot especially dedicated to it. Processions being common, perhaps the musicians had all the exercise they required, playing as they marched.

Clocks being rare and expensive, the church tower housed a clock, usually handsomely ensconced. And the bell-ringer advertised his wares as he paraded the streets, the radio now taking his place, though a few bell-ringers exist and persist, the pride of the town. In the night the watchman gave the hour as, without street lights, the church tower was

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invisible, except on the rather unusual occurrence, the coincidence of a moon and clear weather.

The small windows and heavily built doors of ancient dwellings were a measure of security. The town hall, so frequently a fine architectural feature of the Low Countries, is not often fine or prominent in England.

The best architectural feature is not seldom a bridge. Its massiveness was creditable, but the need of defense caused its towers and bastions, features which add much to the beauty of the old towns today.

The old walls, while mostly demolished for convenience, still exist at York and in larger or smaller sections elsewhere, a bit of Roman wall remaining in Lincoln. York, being the great military capital under the Romans, early acquired and has always retained a solid and defensive appearance. There in England are best studied the medieval systems of the military art.

Cromwell knocked down so many castles, and the march of the ages has destroyed so many more, that it is not easy to visualize an early English landscape, since at least one and often many castles were always in sight. Walter Scott has so lavishly described these ancient strongholds that any further details would seem to be unnecessary, beyond the summary that the central portion, or keep, usually elevated and always massive, was surrounded by a court with "offices" — that curious English word — and an outer wall, sometimes followed by a second wall. All corners and salients carried towers, and the great gate was grim and formidable with portcullis and drawbridge.

In these days, happily, the dominant feature of the village or small city is the church tower, only occasionally a spire. As it is of stone, and several hundred years old, it forms the axis not only of vision but of history.

The fenced-in condition, not only of English premises, but all ancient countries, is remarked by Americans. To some degree the fences were

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erected against cattle being driven on the roads, but protection against marauders was the usual purpose of the high barriers which often hide whatever beauty may be behind. It will be hundreds of years before this state, prepared for a siege, is done away. The cost of the walls, which are being copied in America under the impression that this English feature is desirable, is as great as the cost of the edifices beyond them. These walls are no real defense against intruders, for there is always an open gate or a way of getting past the barrier for persons determined to do so. Old notions die slowly, even when there is no longer a reason to keep them alive.

Despite the perfection of the English country home, one must frankly recognize that neither English nor Americans, with exceptional instances, really enjoy the intellectual life. The horse, not only in the age of chivalry but up to the date of the great war, was the important object around which masculine country life centered.

It will be increasingly difficult for the young generation to visualize old English life. The stables, the drive to town, the ride over the estate or to neighbors, the races, everything outdoors had to do with the horse, and everything indoors with cards or drink. Take the horse, sports, games, and drink out of the life of the country gentleman and all but one in twenty of the species would have become extinct.

GOING TO SCHOOL

TWO little youngsters, brother five, sister seven, trudging to school, between the hedgerows, under the elms, around the curve into a bigger world. Going to school! We are all at it, and it's no use playing hooky. The nations are going to school. The churches have a stiff course laid out. Business is going to school. What is there that could not be



CANTERBURY CLOSE



STONES OF CANTERBURY



STEPPING STONES AT BOLTON ABBEY



THE COTTAGE BY THE STREAM



MARY'S LITTLE LAMB—NEAR CANTERBURY



DRYBURGH ABBEY



OVERHANG—STOKESAY CASTLE



THE BAPTISTRY—CANTERBURY



THE WEAVERS—CANTERBURY



MONMOUTH BRIDGE ARCH



THE RIVER MEADOW



PORTREATH



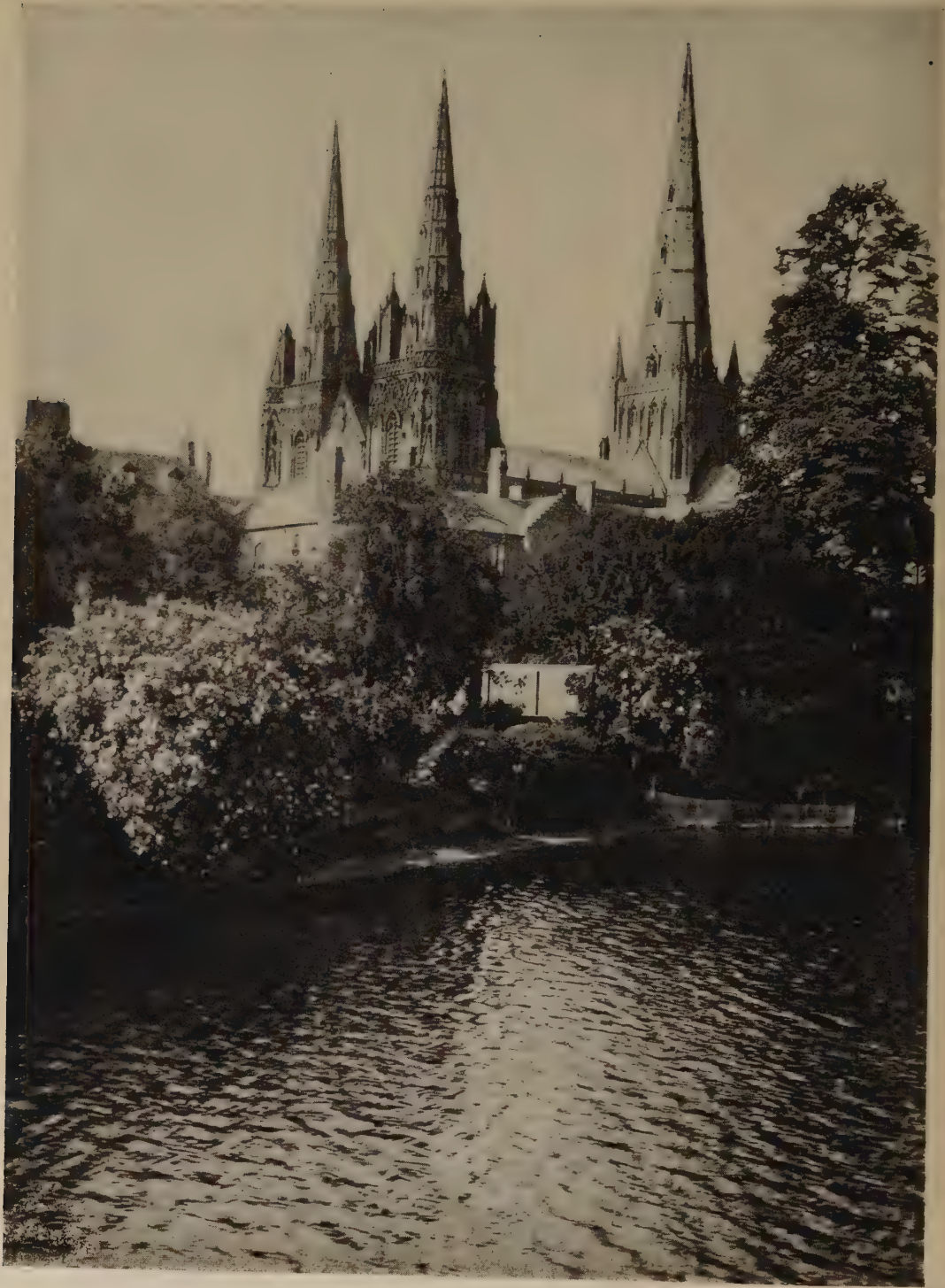
A CANTERBURY CORNER



NORMAN CANTERBURY



OLD WARWICK—WARWICKSHIRE



LICHFIELD

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done better? Somebody out in Montana plows land for a few cents an acre. Yet see the French peasants, some of them, still spading by hand. We must go to school. Law, theology, and medicine. Especially the last is belatedly trying to learn how to make the organs function where they belong instead of chopping them out one by one. And the law is learning that simplification is its salvation. And theology is learning that if it is looking for God He will be found among the people.

So, go on little feet to school! You are the dearest sight for tired eyes. Another generation is going to try it. It can't see over the hedge; it can't see around the corner. But it is going to school. One school did we find in England where the teacher lived in a separate part fitted up for her by the authorities. Her school and private quarters were on a bank with a wall. And on the bank were the sweetest flowers, a well kept garden. And down over the wall strayed those solid clusters of leaves and blossoms that hang like an oriole's nest. The teacher told us she had been there a long time. In the schoolroom there was so much that looked like a good home and so little like an institution that we envied the children coming around the curve, to meet this quiet, wise, optimistic teacher, the intellectual mother of a whole parish.

English schools seem excellent. The pupils really learn the essentials. Even in the country school there is a thorough, downright effort to make the young ideas shoot. Schools are on the way to be a good deal better. This schoolroom had birds and flowers. Others must be rich in pictures. The radio will come in, voicing stimulating thoughts, uttered by a great master, but heard everywhere. We shall be able to bring a youth of sixteen on to a point of acquirement and of reflection such as only a twenty-one-year-old can now match. We shall, because we must, get a human being ready to cope with the world before he grows old. Just now, and in America, the sum total of the requirements of many a sixteen-year-old could be written on an amazingly small number of pages.

This teacher loved her teaching; she loved the place where she taught; she loved the children; she loved her country; she believed in trying, and she must have turned out some fine young Englishmen.

THE SKY FROM THE HOUSE OF GOD — RIEVAULX ABBEY

LOOKING out from this grand old ruin, between the pillars opens to us the great sky. The pillars have had their day and served their generations. Beautiful themselves, and erected for a noble purpose, they now lead one out in a path to the daylight, and seem to say to us: "Our service is done. We fostered you when England was young. Now go out from the cloister, worship, and serve in the daylight, under the stars, in the storm, in the mart. We are no longer the place for you. Life must be lived among men."

That generation, which built here, sought to get away from the world. They found themselves in the world but tried to leave it for holy contemplation. Today after five minutes contemplation, holy or otherwise, a man desires most of all to be allowed to go out and try if his contemplations will work out in life. If not, why contemplate? Of old, a monk went away from women; but they haunted him, and he was pestered by them far more than he who becomes the husband of one wife. Of old he recounted what had happened. Today he tries to make something happen. These old edifices are public monuments. They must not be disturbed. They are the results of dreams in stone. They stood for the best in their time. They would stand for cowardice today. We cherish them, picture them, copy them for the teeming life of the race. But for our day a begging friar is just about the least representative of a live religion that could be imagined. Those old monks who supported them—

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selves, made their own crops and clothing, and lived a life apart, have at least this credit, that they played the world fair. The abbeys of England are for the most part converted into dwellings or living churches. Here and there Rievaulx, Bolton, Neath, raise their old walls to tell us of a former habit of human life now properly pushed aside, "lest one good custom should corrupt the world." When a third of the property of England was owned by the church, the church preserved or revived the best traditions of agriculture and industry, of art and literature. There was no one else to do it. When life burst through its swaddling bands, and the Bunyans, Miltons, and Tennysons came on the horizon, men lost too much of the good in the old, but they came out into a development a hundred times broader and fuller. There is more in the thought of a simple citizen today than you could find of old in a whole colony of monks.

HEIRLOOMS AND ANCESTRY

THE advantages of retaining tangible evidence of an ancestry are great. Americans are learning this, however much, on patriotic occasions, they glory in manhood for itself alone. There can be no question that a line of portraits of one's ancestors looking down upon him three times a day in his dining hall has a stimulating effect. Not that all the heirs of old families show the effect of that stimulant, except that it is administrated in champagne. But looked at from the other direction, can there be any doubt that many a fellow, even as you and I, is ashamed of letting the family name suffer in him? Many a scion of an old English house has redeemed himself from the follies of youth, pulled himself together and left a decent name, because he had decent ancestors. The usual reply to this course of reasoning is that a man ought to be decent from his own innate sense. But we should look a little deeper

than that retort. The man is moved by the persuasion that his ancestors were decent for decency's sake.

In the tremendous war, so recent in our consciousness, millions of Englishmen who did not enjoy the thought of being shot, or covered with vermin which seemed worse, nevertheless took up their belts one more hole and went out to as fine a death as any of their forebears. The spell works. If you had a worthy forebear, put him up on the wall where his eyes may follow you around. Even if you lack historic family traditions, the mere longing for them goes far to indicate a sound humanity, and the mere admiration of good qualities in the old heroes proves there is something like it in the fellow who admires. As a matter of fact those ancestors would blink with surprise, if they could, to see their great-grandsons outstripping them in valor.

Ancestors would not be living up to their privileges if they did not encourage their sons to surpass them. Many a great name has been made anew in England in the past generation. In Kitchener, Allenby, Balfour, and more than history will ever take note of, the good of the past has been bettered, and a finer flower of manhood has developed, free, in many instances, from the stains that marked the old generations.

Yes, it is good to have a solid house, furnished in the good taste of Queen Anne, marked by the age of William and Mary, a house whose stones cry out, and whose contents encore the cry for a life of stiff backbones, serenity in the dark day, and a do-or-die spirit. It is good to walk in gardens where mothers of earlier generations walked and smiled and prayed and glowed over their flowers. It is good to tramp over acres redeemed from the fen and the felon, and covered with cattle and sheep whose strains were bred true ten generations ago. There is a subtle, steady pull upward when you get among the works and haunts of men who made good before you. If anything can bring out the latent fires in a man such surroundings ought, and do.

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But a finer hope for England than that is the happy circumstance that youth takes hold, by claiming a spiritual ancestry, even when no family tree has been preserved. Even men who can go back only one generation, even men who are foggy about their own fathers, have adopted themselves into a heritage of glory. Fellows from the slums of London have come out to live in the spirit of Englishmen, victorious not only over foreign enemy but even over their own childhood. If the old families must be kept up by their children after the flesh they will perhaps make a poor showing, as families may go wrong, or die out. But for every extinct family in England, for every soft youth who has burned himself out, ten more have sprung up, echoing a nobler battle cry, contributing a better culture, giving a more valuable service. The sons of the spirit of England, standing for the fair deal, for equal opportunity, for clear grit and keen devotion, are more numerous than the peerage lists, and have a securer title. They are the men who want to make England beautiful.

Convulsions of societies, like great wars or plagues or industrial strife, are the revealers of nature in men. Here and there some one goes and hangs himself. Suicides have recently doubled in Germany. Here and there some one sneers and collects his living at a gun muzzle, in the night. But for every such instance comes along no small file of marchers who propose to build again over the wastes and the wrecks. Sifting of men goes on, war or no war. There will always be a fine young company who grin at what they can't help, and make a better job with their corner of the parish than at first seemed possible.

England teems with the fine results that have grown out of wrecks. Its greater glories have sprung from the edge of despair. And if this could be where England was at its worst, what shall come out of England at its best?

There is in English society a crowd of germinating ideas based on ex-

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perience illuminated by hope. England is the world's supreme example of growth out of ruins, and a finer growth than that which was destroyed. In how many societies is there that bracing word "betterment." But if we depend on societies alone, Heaven help us. The finest hope of England is that your ordinary clerk, your "average man," is just as likely to show the heroic stuff in him as anybody else. He has seen in the pictures on the walls of museums, or in the papers, or in the libraries, the faces of men who have helped to make England, and the stir of that spirit has become a part of his blood. Diffusion of news is so much more rapid than of old that everybody knows of somebody who has made good in hard conditions. One Hampden breeds a thousand.

But the best hope of England today is the general recognition that she has her stiffest jobs before her. The silly snobbishness of Matthew Arnold, who called England finished, has not fooled the great body of Englishmen. They see that her highways must be straightened and broadened, that the homes of many millions must be built on plans allowing for the dignity of human nature. They know as by intuition that the greater England is yet to come. You can't fool a mother in a damp basement by telling her that England is finished. The men who have opened their eyes in that old realm — and millions of them are awake — know that England is just begun. They know the day of the big old estates is over; they know they can enjoy a little home that is good more than they could enjoy a ramshackle castle. Some more millions must yet wake up, but they will wake. There you will see the better knowledge being given to all the children, and the vacant lands covered by dear little homes established by those who have escaped the festering airless tenement, where human nature is taught to feel itself inferior to cows and sheep.

LAMBS

LAMBS and their mothers supply a good half of the charm connected with English scenery. No estate, no farm, can be counted as ideal, or even well rounded out without a few feeding sheep, man's first wealth and the mark of passage from the age of hunting to that of domestic life. New England has in sixty years lost much of its attraction through abandoning the raising of sheep. They give a certain tenderness and fatherliness to the occupation of agriculture. The fact that some farmers do well with sheep while others do not speaks eloquently of character. Success with sheep implies a gentleness, a patience, a love of animals, a quiet mind. We owe to the flock the first prophecies and the first psalms. Every shepherd has his moments of hearing what no one, not a shepherd, may hear. He sees visions, he dreams dreams; he learns watchfulness and mercy. The flock appeals to him, and if he be not utterly evil he becomes a good shepherd. Indeed only good shepherds can succeed in keeping sheep. You know your man as soon as you learn he has succeeded with sheep.

Historically, sheep mean much to England. They gave her supremacy in wool manufactures. English broadcloth meant at first English sheep. And the trade in wool and its manufacture into cloths, blankets, felts, worsteds, meant channels of communication opened with the world. The prestige of England before the days of coal and iron was based on wool. The England of Shakespeare was an England of flocks. Breeding to high strains was encouraged, and in this small realm Southdowns, Cotswolds, Leicesters, Cheviots, and various other breeds acquired reputations that have gone over the world, and these names are found at all the agricultural fairs from South Africa to California. We may get synthetic wool, but we do not fear that the soft fleece will ever cease to be the

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emblem of soothing warmth, as the lambs that bear it stand for the finest emblems of religion, from the time when the shepherds heard the announcement of the Lamb of God.

Lambs help to keep girls on the farm. What farmer's daughter has failed to adopt a lamb if one existed on the home acres? Some wee weakling whose mother could not care for it, was nursed in the shed, and it became the gentlest and the fattest of the flock. Tame sheep nosing about at the back door, sniffing for salt or a mouthful from the little wooden measure, add hominess and kindness to rural life, and enshrine it in a love that is never forgotten.

In this book are shown little sheep folds; also those stone pens by the riverside where the sheep are forced into the stream for washing. North of Ludlow we came upon a crew of several men washing a large flock. The village church made the background, as it is the background of so much in England, not merely a beautiful detail. The sheep fear the water. The process of washing is a tragedy to them. In the swift current they struggle wildly, and one or two are carried down, and require rescue. A large wether is an armful for a sturdy man. At twilight, when we meet flocks along the roads, being taken from distant pastures, they are weary of the way. It is recalled that Jacob "led on softly" with his flocks. Lambs and dams are both somewhat weak. To see the little creatures pluckily keep on their way, when each step is an effort, wrings the heart. But, home ahead.

[Text continued on page 178.]



FIREPLACE—MUCHELNEY



MUCHELNEY CROSS



THE WAYSIDE



A LITTLE BRINGTON COTTAGE



COTTAGE AND SPIRE—DEVONPORT MARKET CROSS—MALMESBURY



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE—WARWICKSHIRE



SHAKESPEARE BIRTHPLACE—STRATFORD



VILLAGE WINDINGS



A STRATFORD FRONT—WARWICKSHIRE



LEDBURY MARKET



OLD ENGLAND

OLD England beautiful, our motherland,
Homing, upon thy verdant soil we stand.
Our pulses quicken as we touch the shore
Loved by our fathers in the days of yore.
Crag-crested steepes that breast the surging seas;
Pastoral mountain-sides and misty leas;
Broad, ancient harbors bearing Briton's pride
Of countless ships at anchor by her side;
The wind-blown heath and thistle-covered downs;
The rustic loveliness of quaint old towns,
Thatched roofs and vines, the glory of the trees
And wealth of bloom — a garden of the seas!
The Poet's Avon, the majestic Thames
And myriads of sparkling river-gems;
The singing woodland waters of the Wye —
What reveries induce her sylvan sigh
Whose blossoming banks beneath the village spires
Once bore the footprints of my father's sires!
In leathern coracles they fished and dreamed
By tufted cliffs where mountain torrents streamed.
Great oaks of Sherwood, haunt of Robin Hood!
Old Stonehenge where the Druids' temple stood —
Gaunt columns of a pre-historic day,
Marking the time as kingdoms passed away;
The ragged fronts of ancient Roman walls;
The ivied ruins of old castle halls
Whose brave crusaders' deeds of olden days
Were sung in legends of the minstrel lays;
Turret and flying pennon, moat and keep,
Bastion and battlement and dungeon deep;

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*Tower of London, grim walls of despair;
Old City streets where echoed once the blare
Of Caesar's trumpets; palaces of kings;
And cloistered abbeys where thick ivy clings.
O Motherland, from out thy hill and glen
Has sprung a sturdy, mighty race of men.
America, thy child across the sea,
Pays homage, England beautiful, to thee!*

— MILDRED HOBBS

OVER THE GATE

WHO would not prefer living over a road than by the side of one? One would say that a cozy abode over the gate of this cathedral close was the finest home in the world. There one sees the world pass under and, from a vantage point, studies it. What beauty in this tower and its fine batteries of seven casements on each of three floors. And they are still more numerous immediately over the gate. What a subtle device for drawing in the projection of the bay to a plane with the main wall, just under the topmost triple casement! Whoever devised all this was a poet as well as an architect. And directly in front there is a perfect square green carpet of turf. When the world goes wrong will it be possible for one, by some persuasion, to get quarters in this tower?

Perhaps if one offered to be a shilling-a-year man, to lend one's self to being a cleanser of the temple, such quarters as these, a bribe being out of the question, might be assigned.

A striking feature of all the old world is that it is walled in. It might appear that the church and its adjacent edifices were safe at the hands of the generation that built them. But every cathedral had its close. It

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was the ancient idea of separation. Within this gate everything belonged to God. The inevitable inference was that outside the gate the world was not His. If we are to have gates, by all means let them be as beautiful as this. But the present generation is more concerned, happily, with roads. There is no reason why we should hide the best we have behind a wall. Not so are hidden the clouds, the sunshine, the gleaming streams. God lives outside the gates, and must look with amazement upon men toiling to shut Him in. They build walls, porches, naves, finally choirs and altars. The ancient heathen idea is still strong — hide the god. Surround him with mystery, pay to get to him, follow a formula, get guides, provide a dim, weird light; shut out the day, and then light candles. Go through certain motions, certain ceremonies, wear a certain garb, observe certain days, and maybe the god will hear. That kind is spelled with a little “g.” Meantime God is not entombed, cut off, confined. Religious progress is an effort to rend veils, open doors, and, with Mrs. Browning, be “out in the fields with God.”

The happy aspect of a gate is that looking outward. If all the wealth expended on frowning walls, on bars, on prisons, on locks and combinations, through the ages, had been expended on showing the young generations the glory of light, we should not need any shut off places. When the teacher does his work the judge and jailer will not have anything to do. They have been hired for the wrong job.

PILGRIM WAYS

THE ancient road to the shrine at Canterbury has been written about more than any other road whatever. Has it not been owing to the joy of traveling? For notice that little has been said by Chaucer of what occurred after the arrival. Going was the joy. Society diffused its

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knowledge and made acquaintances by pilgrimages. They were something indeed to talk about at home, and when travel was difficult it consumed more days to go from Bath to the shrine of Becket than we require to reach the same goal from our American homes. Chaucer is shrewd enough to see that the tales told on the road were the principal interest and advantage of the journey. He discerned even then that God was no nearer to Canterbury than to Taunton. But what a pleasure in the home village to introduce a conversation by the phrase "when I was in Canterbury." Yet the chief impression on the traveler was found in the sights along the road. The friendship formed, the ideas gained, the "knowledge of the world," these were the university of the day. Had it not been for pilgrimages, to the Orient or elsewhere, we might all yet be in walled towns, and not know anything beyond the next hill.

A curious thing about pilgrimages was the change in popularity undergone by the saints visited. Now St. Cuthbert, now St. Wulstan, now some other saint was sought. And if proper fame was acquired, funds were abundant for erecting great foundations, as cathedrals, chapter houses, refectories, tithing barns, bishops' palaces, and closes — we must not forget these last. The same process is going on today. A French shrine, a Canadian shrine, suddenly becomes a place of resort, and all good pilgrims pay their way. The journey was worth it, for it was an enlarger of minds. It made the world a bigger place, until, after a time, men traveled avowedly for education. Old Herodotus seems to have started it, and in this year of grace enough people go from America to England to pay her every dollar she has paid us on her debt and something more. With all the resources of America added to those of England two millions of men were taken over in the war. This year, without a ripple on the surface of events, as a mere by-play of commerce, a half million souls go over. As practically the same number returns, it means

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a million staterooms are occupied in one year through the Americans' desire to see England Beautiful, and some other things, better unspecified. The pilgrims are going, and going so strongly that we look with wonder to know what it will all grow into.

AT THE GATE

NOT of course Mrs. Allingham's gate, because she would have had a mother with a baby in her arms, up the walk, waiting for us. But in this case she is laying out her man's supper, and he will not see her until he rounds the corner and peers through the casement or the open door. It is a hot summer night, and she is not starting the fire. Cold victuals for you, old man. She has put out her wee bit of linen on the line, and you may stray with her, after a snack, out through that distant arched gateway that pierces the hedge at yon corner. They always say yon in England, and a hundred other dear old words that teach us we are near the sources of English undefiled. Now, mend your gait, also your gate, and take your rest. Probably there are beans to pick, or potatoes to dig, but that is not work.

Some one has expressed wonder that so many gates break down. Where indeed is a gate that has not been repaired! The answer is easy. Ever since there have been gates there have been couples courting over them. The daughter of the house began to swing there when her present swain and she could barely stand up. The gate is the fine introduction to life, and if it breaks down no wonder, considering the service it has done.

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HOLLYHOCK COTTAGE

THIS little affair has been welcomed by the American people as a bit of good old England in its simplicity and cozy beauty. A little cottage, a little garden, where the cabbages and onions mingle with the flowers, and at the corner the cluster of hollyhocks reach above the eaves. There is no vista, and a true picture has seemed to me lacking. But the public have not felt so. How many thousands, hundreds of thousands, of representations of this little cottage near Chester are spread through America I know not. The count is lost. And the kindly woman who grew these decorations knows nothing about it all. Caught in a moment by the roadside, her address is lost, but she has "cheered up" a host by her simple planting. The hollyhock vies with the lupin and the rose in filling the home walls with bloom.

"Larkspur" has become ten fold more a choice of so many Americans that modesty forbids my naming the number. A little thatch, an old wall, and a little path and a few posies, how they appeal to a healthy human love for the little paradise of home!

But here an odd thing arises. There was originally in this "Larkspur" a lady, not too prim, but "right pretty," reaching to draw that largest cluster of larkspur toward her. She stood gracefully. It was not long before I was told the picture would please better without the lady. The poor woman was blotted out from one model, and the mysterious public like that garden without the woman in it ten times as well as with her. Explain it who lists. Certainly a flower is not less beautiful in a fair lady's hand. This is no exceptional case. The lady in "Larkspur" is the only one of many in gardens in which the public would take any interest at all. The rest are taboo entirely. Never mind, *mesdames*, I like you in a garden or out.

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Without a woman, no garden. How long would Adam have stayed in Eden without Eve? He would have streaked it out of there so fast that the serpent would have lost sight of him around the first corner! For shame, you humbug, not to like a woman to be in the garden!

But it is shyly said that the women are they who procure the pictures, and they want no other woman in their garden. There you have it, and rest.

AN OVERFLOWING GARDEN

THAT is the effect of these plants that grow and flow over the wall. It is as if there was not enough room in the garden. Cheerily they greet the passerby, and such a garden is even more lovely on the outside than on the inside. When this spreading idea takes possession of all the people behind the wall all the people in front of the wall will be happy.

Think of traveling miles between such living walls as these. Like a kind of blossoming candy they slowly congeal in beauty, and England is growing delightful by means of them. They form the happiest overture of the world. They afford a sense of enough and more. On such an excursion as this nobody will feel poor if he keeps his eyes open.

THE TITHE

THE name "tithing barn" indicates what was once considered proper to give to the church, which meant then the support of a good many people who did not work. At present the Church of England receives nothing like a tithe of the national income, and yet is supported better than ever, as there are far less supernumeraries. Take it all

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around, the tithe still comes out from most pockets, but is spread over the whole world of good works. Any rich man who gives no more than a tithe is probably a rarer individual than ever before. It has become popular for very rich men to give away not one tenth, but nine tenths of their property. Carnegie did more than that. But, in the old days, what big barns it took to hold a tenth of the people's crops. We have found a better way, by which there is not so great an accumulation in one place, but a circulation which keeps society sweet.

When the church took a tenth and the state all it could get, what was left was seldom enough. Taxes in England are now terrific but they bear somewhat more gently on the poor than of old. The man with much won't have much long if the present overloaded budget is kept up, and huge, useless expenses are incurred. The well-to-do citizen would laugh with delight if he could purchase immunity with a tithe.

PRETTY GOOD EGGS

ON the long journey across the plains, bored by heat and without exercise, I asked a dining-car waiter, "How are your eggs?"

"Pretty good," said he.

I laughed and shook my head. "No; not being very hungry, I don't want any pretty good eggs."

The lack of progress in England and elsewhere arises from accepting the pretty good. But after the war the man who came back was not satisfied with what he had before. He wanted a modern house, better clothes, better transportation, better entertainment. How much energy is wasted in the vain effort to prove that conditions are good enough as they are.

There are certain aspects of life that we want as good as humanly possible, because human conditions are bad enough at their best. The war



OLDEST INN IN ENGLAND



THE TOW PATH



AT THE BRIDGE END



THE SWEEP OF THE DEE



IN DEDHAM VALE



A RURAL TURN



WHERE GRANDMA WAS BORN



ILFRACOMBE



OLD FRAMLINGHAM



THE PORTAL



FRAMLINGHAM GATE



HADDON HALL



FRAMLINGHAM IN MAY



DURHAM

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will have a fine outcome if it creates a vast, deep unrest, provided also it stirs the restless to accomplish their own desires. The unemployed in any nation would make it a paradise in fifty years, given a leader with vision to direct their labors. So old conditions in England are certainly changing. Men are working eagerly in a corporate way now for betterment because there are enough individuals stirred up to move the whole mass for amelioration in living conditions. Civilization must be re-defined now every decade. A while back they told us that the physical and chemical energy required for a big advance was not available. Now they say we have barely touched the sources of power. England is a country naturally rich in minerals and sea products. And the war proved she was not half developed agriculturally.

Compare any community today with its free libraries, hospitals, running water, sewerage, parks, motors, 'phones, wires, lights, with the conditions of a hundred years back. But the multiplying of all these agencies proceeds more rapidly than the populations grow. The idea of a market for goods has been revolutionized. It is found, for instance, that one person at the apex of civilization consumes in one way or another five hundred times as much as a savage, and even ten times as much as his own great-great-grand sire. There is probably no limit whatever, or at least no limit that will ever be reached, to the growth of a market in an awakening country. That is proved by the fact that those who are now the greatest buyers are increasing their buying far faster than are the small buyers. Need begets need. The andirons eventually cost thousands of pounds, because one good thing calls for another to match it. The day laborer who once thought himself well off in a garret or loft, with five pounds a year for clothes, is learning to earn and to spend. The country broadens in intelligence merely by seeing what one's neighbors have. Doubtless they have a good many foolish things, but they lack far more that they are gradually, and not so slowly, learning about. That is proved by the

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sum total of a country's wealth, and by its distribution compared with the past.

Suppose meat is dearer. Vegetables have increased faster in value than meat. One way or another the financially middle-of-the-scale man wants more by far than he did want, and he goes after it.

Pretty good eggs are no longer good enough. Some things are poor enough at their best. They are at best barely capable of taking a person through his course. Take religion. Has any man too much religious vigor to achieve what he must, to keep morally solvent? Medicine? Are there not plenty of conditions where the best is not good enough? The only danger in a dissatisfied age is that men shall despair of achieving. But it is not human to despair. The mood is abnormal and shows a weak mind. That sort of people despair who have less reason for it than those who do not despair. A man at the lowest ebb knows he can go no lower. There is no way for him, but upward.

We shall not arrive at a condition in which we shall eat much more than our fathers. Nor, it is to be hoped, shall we drink so much. But in every other particular we shall find men asking more and getting it.

ALL SUNSHINE

THAT is the title of our colored frontispiece. A fair day, a big triple window, mellow brick at one end of the house, mellow stone at the other, a roof with all the soft colors you can imagine, a blossoming tree, a blooming garden. It is the most attractive picture I have found in England since the war. Here the garden is bounded on one side of the walk by thin stones set on edge, and even those stones are in several colors. Why they are there nobody knows. They keep nothing in and ward nothing out, but it is a place where a fence could be made and the

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temptation was irresistible. I suspect this house was doubled, in some past century, so that the youth could bring his wife home. For be it noted the oldest families in England are those that live in simple homes. The great families vanish through the risk of politics; there is treason and conflict and intrigue. It has been calculated that those having titles in England are, a great majority of them, new to the belt and the coronet. But the farmer or tradesman, whose ancestors were not decapitated for differing from the other party, and were not tempted by wealth to wreck their health — these quiet families have lived on and on. Many of them can trace five hundred years while the family abode in the same neighborhood, if not in the same house. They have been good husbands and wives, never contemplated divorce, supplied younger sons for the armies or the emigrations. They are the source of America's, Canada's populations.

Not always has it been "All Sunshine," but they have weathered the storms. Their heads never so high as to tempt knocking them off, never so low as despair, they have added brick to stone, gathered their harvests, held their thankful feast, and stuck it out for a better day. They still have their place in the sun. Since the Conqueror, they number twenty-four generations; since their Saxon ancestors landed, they number nearly twice as many. Old families? I should say so. Aristocrats? Yes; by every law of clean living, assumed responsibilities, and clear grit. Such natures have a certain repose that only earthquakes can upset. They have always been the wealth of the nation, the real England, and they always will be. The true old families are those that have continued from of old, meeting life squarely where it met them. Think of living five hundred years and never being sold up for taxes, or disinherited, or being found with one's neighbor's goods!

These are the folk of England, its hope as well as its heritage.

PLACE NAMES IN ENGLAND

THE inhabitants of a region become so accustomed to the place names that no thought is given to them. To the traveler however, there is humor, quaintness, romance, and history suggested by such names. Dickens and Bunyan have been thought adepts in the imagining of characteristic names. But it has been mentioned that the names of every one of the twelve members of the jury in Bunyan's "Vanity Fair" has been found in old parish records. Many of the commoner names in England are far funnier than any one could have devised.

How good to a sailor sounds the village named Ship Inn! It is not far from Vineries. The grim humor of the Cornishman appears in his name Merry Maidens for Druid stones, near Land's End. Hannibal's Carn is suggested by the supposition that the Carthaginians visited Cornwall and left their bones there. Everyone must have noted that the ups in England are all called downs. If we took the word downs out of the modern English novel, there would be a hiatus on every page. What should have induced anyone to name a village Pulldown? And were there no clergymen at all at Laity? And why is a headland near the Lizard, Hot Point? Oddly the name of Constantine is also recorded in Cornwall. Penhallow is perpetuated in the name of an American family of note. All those names beginning Pen-, which means merely hill, nevertheless have distinction.

Nearly all the names of English rivers are in one syllable. The streams themselves are often so small that no one hears of them, but merely of the town at the mouth. Thus there are the Fal, the Lyn, the Tyne, the Plym, the Bourne, the Dart, the Teign, the Exe, and hundreds of others.

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Early English speech is marked by simplicity, and Wycliffe's Bible is noted for its translation, so often, into words of one syllable.

Of course the names of trees enter largely into place names and nearly always are agreeable to the ear, as Hollybush Farm, Ashhurst, Oakleigh, Pinehurst, Little Birch and Much Birch, in the latter of which no roguish boy would wish to live. Coombe, a valley, is always a charming name especially in combination, as Barcombe. How cozy is Woodmancote? Hāzeldean and Thorndean are adjacent near Brighton. How comforting to the hungry to live at Peas Pottage! Deepdene is good. Buryhill is not so good. Thunderfield Castle is certainly mouthfilling; it is not far from Terrible Downs. Greatlake must have been given in derision, because no lake is found there and no lake in Britain is great. Huntspill is probably the place where some former Prince of Wales rode. But in the next town he was up again, Stretchholt. Great Elm is excellent, and Orchardleigh should be an attractive home. Avon which signifies river is good in itself and in abundant combinations, but it means little that is distinctive because it is repeated all over western England.

A touch of the ancient time appears in such names as Roman Villa, often repeated where the remains of a great race have probably been exhumed.

The inns of England often have amazing names which may astonish a stranger, like Trouble House Inn, near the estate Trull House. Christmas Common ought to have been discovered by Dickens.

One day we were following a main road and saw a sign, Fifield. We turned in at once because that was the author's mother's name. It was a pleasant village and we asked a typical Englishman if there were any Fifields there, informing him that we claimed the name on the distaff side. He said there were two such families, whereupon we inquired if they had ever been in jail. He looked and wondered. We explained

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that we wished to know whether they were safe persons to seek out. He went along the way and about ten rods up the block we saw him stop and begin to laugh at those cautious Americans. It brought another incident to mind of an American couple who were looking for their ancestral place and who learned shortly before they reached it that the premises and the persons connected therewith were nothing to boast of. Thereupon they assumed a pose in front of a fine dwelling where they were, to be recorded in the camera, but refrained from going farther down the lane. It is a fine thing to look up one's ancestors in England if they are the right kind. But if so, they won't want to be bothered with you; if not, you won't want to be bothered with them.

But we come now to Dogmore End House which certainly has abundant canine suggestions. In the same district half of the names end with Ends. There is always a charm about a house at the end of a road. It suggests at once privacy, mystery and possible importance. Adjacent villages are Lower Bottom House and Upper Bottom House, but how excellent are Harewood, Chalfont, and Heronsgate.

Indeed, in one's journeys, it is no small part of the pleasure to read the sign posts. They always have an excellent flavor of antiquity or some suggestive combination. How fine is Golden Parsonage! Unhappily the Folly Inn is near at hand. It must have been a humble man who named Littleworth, next the Duck Inn, Cotton Inn, and Herringsgreen.

A name often indicates the old cleavages of history. East of England has many towns ending in "by," which proves that the Dane conquered there. So the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman have stamped their history upon the land. If we react to these names they call up a great past, but it is one of the saddest experiences that impressions wear away. Many a clod of English earth fertilized by the

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blood of heroes is turned over on an old battle field as if it were the virgin soil of a new country.

When good names are so easily come by, it is at least a pity that estates should not be well named.

Oddities in names soon become expected. Mr. Muddle is a liquor seller. Miss Birchenough is an athlete. Messrs. Goodfellow and Mellow are noticed. Perhaps none of Dickens' names are invented. Pickwick is the name of a village near Chippenham. Goldworthy and Goodbody are encountered. Bull Pit, the name of a square, perpetuates the memory of an evil time when the village was entertained by bull baiting; and Dogpole is a street in Shrewsbury. Slaughter Ford may recall some bloody fight of other centuries.

After these, how satisfactory are Beauacre and Farleigh. There is no pleasanter game, as one passes through a country side, than to name its scenes. One day we matched one another by suggesting names: Fordingbridge, Druids' Pool, Wrencote, Periwinkle Corner, Mornington, Moss Mantled, Nethercote, Midforest, Outward Ho! Brightdene, Gorsenest, Nymphnook, Mistwraith, and a hundred others. It is of no consequence if little originality is evoked. The joy in the game is trying to discover an apt appellation for the dwellings, the vales, the various combinations that form pictures. This came to be a favorite pastime. If we had recorded one in a hundred of the names perhaps now they would form cold reading, because life is always better than records, but at the time it was stimulating and far better than word puzzles. We recommend it. Pausing above a village which battles through life under some such name as Snidhollow or Skinnington, try to fit some better title to the gentle scene below. These snug harbors abound about England. They may be stamped with some terrific experience of other centuries, or, mayhap, were named from a misfortune to a traveler, or in jest or contempt. The names of the contours of land

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or of streams are nearly all excellent and few think and fewer know them. How expressive, when dwelt upon are moor, fell, scar, coombe, dell, dale, dene, deep.

Over the lea, across the meadow, along the downs, bridging the beck, drinking at the force, fording the burn, the Canterbury pilgrims went on joying in the country they traversed. Pasture, lawn, heath they crossed. The greens, the commons, the glens they skirted. Grange, cottage and hall were unveiled by the rising morning mist. There is no reason why we may not be as gay, as well furnished with imaginings, as responsive to the fair world of hill and brook and mead as were they.

We have only to open our natures, as young birds in a nest open their mouths, and the inspirational nurture of the past is ours.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF ENGLAND

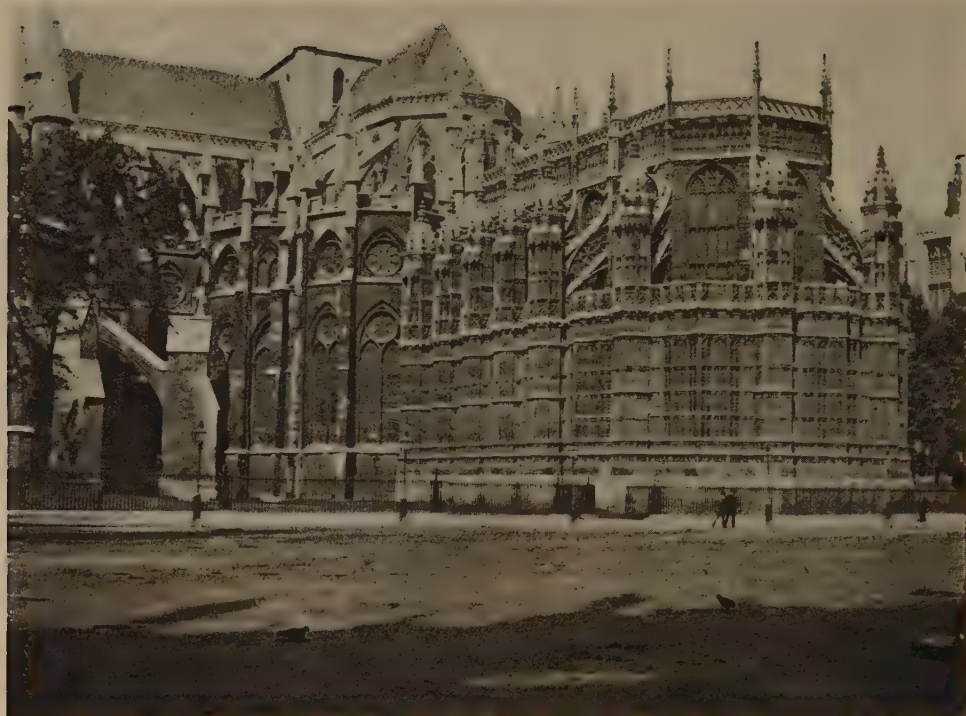
THE use of travel is to splice the past on to the present, and to see that, in proving all new things, we do not lose the jewels other generations have found. We have their Chaucer, and their Wordsworth; we have Froissart and our Washington Irving, who saw and tasted many a joy, even pointing out to Englishmen some shades of meaning, aspects of delight that they had overlooked, so that they still quote him. That is the advantage of seeing a country like England. You are not seeing it alone. You are seeing it with the clear eyes, the quaint conceits, the poetic fancies, the legendary spirit of all who have made pilgrimage before you. So that however commonplace one's thoughts and matter-of-fact one's vision, he would be a clod indeed who could not, in the fine company of such stimulating minds, become eager and appreciative on every step of his journey. Out in the forests of Washington where no history has been made, and no poets have blazed paths, you may enjoy



MONK'S HOSTEL A.D. 1325—THE GEORGE INN



A SCARRED VETERAN



HENRY VII'S CHAPEL—WESTMINSTER



BRIG' O' DOON



RIVER CLIFFS



ELY CATHEDRAL



CASTLE SIDE



THE INNER GATE AT BATTLE



DIVERGING VILLAGE ROADS



AT THE VILLAGE FINGER POST



THE ABBEY BY THE STREAM



THE CHURCH AND THE BRIDGE



BLOSSOM, STREAM AND TOWER



BEECH BORDERS



WOODLAND DIGNITY



HEREFORD



IVY COVERED HOUSE



A STREET BORDER



AT THE DOOR

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alone such suggestions as beat upon your brain. But on a path in England, where you may keep step with the brilliant company of a thousand men of genius who have wrought or prophesied there for ages, you are rich with all the historic allusion, the patriot songs, the fine suggestions of them all. Therefore, go, pilgrim, over these routes again, and live with all the past, devour the present and make your connection personal with that England which ought to mean the more to you since it has meant so much to others.

In this village, this very garden, you may hear Milton, his blind eyes alight with paradisaic visions, tell again his tragic story; at Bedford you are led to dream with Bunyan his allegory of passion touched by divinity. You may sit under the yew tree where Cowper saw more in his lucid intervals than most men altogether sane. This tapestry, bright with song, stirring with story, colored by pigments from alchemic genius, unrolls to the alert traveler and he lives again the throbbing, potent, germinative life of England. Her fair land, however fair, is merely the setting for the most mighty drama that has ever unfolded. The days to come will show the movement of mind, and its achievements in history, in England, as more significant for the human soul than the panorama of Rome or the masterpiece of Greece. We love the fields of England as the battle grounds of liberty; her meadows because the charter of equal rights was drafted on one of them; her cottages because from them came out the men who have charmed or shaped or encouraged or enlightened all human life wherever English is spoken or even translated. Except for two towns in Palestine, and except for Athens, the villages of England mean more for the hopes and the vision of men than any other. In America, at Concord and Cambridge and Stockbridge and Hartford, clear fires were lighted that will not go out. But they in turn derived their flame from the shrines of England. Genius moves like light from land to land; inspiration becomes inter-

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national; love and hope pay no tariffs as they gleam from state to state. England holds the chalice from which America has quaffed. Immortality cannot be mean and small. A great idea, born in one man, enriches every man. England, from a lean land, from a climate often dreary, from a people sometimes slow to embrace culture, has nevertheless been the teeming mother of men who, each in his own department of thought, has seen farther, painted more richly, dreamed more nobly and achieved more widely than many ages and many peoples before her.

THE EXILE FROM ENGLAND

*The nightingale at Taunton,
The lark on Salisbury plain,
The robins 'round the cottages,
Swallows gliding in the rain,*

*Ye home birds of old England,
How dear your notes to me,
How happy in your homeland,
Where I'm never more to be.*

*The phoebe and the linnet,
Gentle hearts in rapid beat,
Song sparrow, wren and throstle,
You find the homeland sweet.*

*Wing backward in the lengthening days,
Though distant lands you roam,
And build again in chosen nooks,
For England is your home.*

*Beneath those skies I wander, where
Blazes the Southern Cross.
My heart pours forth her longing there,
For a seat on English moss.*

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*But far I dwell beyond the main,
And mourn what may not be.
I dream of English hedge and lane;
Sad memory beats her wings in vain;
Your hills I shall not see.*

*The small brown birds sail homeward,
From their winter over the sea,
But the voice that could start my weary heart,
Will never summon me.*

THE NORTHERN MOORS

WHILE the moors of Devon are much in the thought of the traveler, there is a loftier and a wider moor district in the north of England, running northwest from Harrogate. That town itself is a well-known center for the tourist. One is astonished to learn that there are very extensive areas in England practically uninhabited and without roads. It is nine miles from Bradford Waterworks to Grassington, with no highway whatever. There are a good many districts almost as large covered by bare highlands, with almost no soil. We have no similar district in America. One may wander all day about such a region and perhaps not see a person. Large areas reach an elevation above 2000 feet, and the lower sections of these moors are 1500 feet above the sea. Largely destitute of wood, the principal feature is an occasional highland brook. In the hunting season only do men note the existence of these fells. The river Wharfe has formed a central depression through these highlands, and for forty miles more or less one may follow it, beginning at Otley and following northwest, through villages like Wharfedale, Ilkley, Bolton Bridge, and Burnsall on the way to Grassington, and thence to the little clusters of dwellings in the remote hills to the sources of the

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stream, or where Oughtershaw Beck, and Green Field Beck meet at Beckermonds. This excursion affords almost all sorts of English scenery except of course the usual plains of southern England. One would need to travel far to find a finer setting than that occupied by the ruins of Bolton Abbey. The Wharfe is all variety. It has not the spaciousness, in its valley, of the Wye. But the intimate beauties are near enough to touch. Occasional inns are found. Cascades and rapids abound. Turning right or left into the hills for a quarter mile one can be in as wild a region as the world holds. Meantime the hill outlines above the curves of the stream offer beautiful combinations, changing with every step of one's advance. There are good trees in the valley only. When winter comes the chill wet winds across the moors provide a semi-arctic condition. All the considerable streams that come down from these highlands are delightful to explore with a sketch book, a notebook or a camera, or all three. Thus one may make up the river Ure from Leyburn, up the Swale, from Richmond; up the Tees from Barnard Castle; or the Wear from Wolsingham. For nearly a hundred miles northwest of Skipton to the Irish Sea, there is no break in the elevations to the right and left. One will rarely drop to six hundred feet elevation and is surrounded at almost all times by higher grounds. The lake country is no higher, but being broken up as it is by its waters and its more sudden elevations, it is more Irish in character. It would require two months to skirt the banks of the principal streams that flow down from the moors.

THE LAKES

THE lake country should be visited if possible in June as that is the most hopeful season for good weather. The railroad guidebooks, of course, will suggest other seasons also, and the autumn is fine, if it is.

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Although New England has the name of sudden changes in its weather we have found the English climate no more reliable. We had a week in London on one occasion in August of the most beautiful blue skies with fine tonic air. The American cannot afford to take too many chances on the weather. Those, however, who enjoy the fine uplands, and the water-reaches may make a center at Ambleside, or at Keswick, and explore lakes at leisure. Windermere is the largest of these, and its banks are lower than those of the other lakes. The only extensive wooded district of the lakes is between Windermere and Coniston Water. Ullswater, Thirlmere, West Water, Buttermere, and Ennerdale Water have nearly all about them mountainous sides. Derwentwater has comparatively low lands to the north and northwest. Bassenthwaite Lake receives the river Derwent and drops to about 300 feet above the sea. It discharges again the Derwent at its northern end, and that river follows a course of some fifteen or twenty miles into the Irish Sea. The combination of culture features with the beauty of the lakes is of course better observed at this lake and Windermere. The greatest elevations are between Thirlmere and Ullswater. There Helvellyn rises to the respectable height of 3118 feet. One notices through this region that the names and the speech are from the Celtic as in Scotland. Gill and beck are common names for streams. A waterfall is a force.

Wordsworth did much for this country, but his often humdrum genius may have been dampened by the climate. A less attractive place in the winter is scarcely to be found than in these northern mountains. And as the winters of London are said to last nine months in the year, they would hardly be less in this region.

Lest the reader should acquire a wrong impression it is better to state in all seriousness, that the lakes are very delightful in good weather, and that they afford a scenery more striking, more full of contrast, and more beautiful than is to be found elsewhere in England, if one loves these

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features more than the sweeter, quieter, and more human regions which are typical of England. The Englishman looks with some scorn upon the traveler who is seeing the lake country from the seat of a motor. The Englishman climbs the cliffs and never feels that he has done the lake country except on foot. He is more than half right. Nevertheless the highways in many instances pass over high ground, and open wide vistas. So far as the elevations are concerned they are always more beautiful when viewed from the valleys. The lake country is a godsend to those vast populations about Liverpool, Birmingham and Manchester, being fairly accessible.

The lakes derive much of their beauty from their narrowness. They have the appearance of a wide river, as of the Hudson in the Highlands. Broad lakes are never beautiful because their farther shores do not contribute to the composition. This remark holds true of every one of the English lakes. On a smaller scale they are like Chelan in Washington. The opposing banks complement each other or contrast with each other. Some of the very small lakes off the beaten track are more pleasing to the writer, at least, than those thronged with tourists. Thus there is Hawes Water reached by a subordinate road from Penrith up the valley of the Lowther. This is one of the mountain nooks with no thoroughfare. Another small lake easier of access lies just west of Windermere. It is Esthwaite Water. Only a mile and a half or so in extent, and with fine wooded banks on one side, its very smallness is its charm. Wast Water also, while somewhat larger, is in a remote retreat reached by a special road, though one may go somewhat beyond it, through Wastdale. In this dale we are under Scafell Pike, the loftiest mountain in England, the summit of which is only a mile and a half from the strand, so that the effect of its elevation is impressive, Wast Water being only two hundred feet above the sea. There are a considerable number of minute mountain lakes reached only by trail, which may be followed without

danger in good weather. Among these is Devoke Water, Burnmere Tarn, Levers Water, and Seathwaite Tarn. These little mountain gems are at considerable elevations, the loftiest being Levers Water, which is 1350 feet above the sea. As one goes east from Ambleside through Clappergate, Loughrigg Tarn is reached, and Elter Water. Rydal Water under Rydal Mount, the ever famous home of Wordsworth, is very near Ambleside and, a half mile beyond its western end, one reaches Grasmere. The July and August hosts crowd the centers like Ambleside, but there are always quiet and comfortable inns, in the English sense of course, to be found all about the lakes. A complete tour, may be made from Kendal, Ambleside, Penrith, Keswick, or Cockermouth. The central points are Keswick and Ambleside. Beginning at Kendal we go direct to Ambleside, and thence past Rydal Water and Grasmere we pass Thirlmere and Keswick. Turning sharply eastward there, we pass to Penrith, whence we may go to the head of Ullswater, and return to Penrith and Keswick. If we like mountain roads we may avoid the return, leaving Ullswater about two miles and a half from its head and going directly to Troutbeck Station where we meet the road to Keswick. From Keswick we may make a circuit of Derwentwater. In fact it is better to go south from Grange up the valley of the Derwent after we reach its head as far as the main road extends, thence returning to Grange and passing to the west of Derwent water. Leaving Keswick again we may circle in a similar way Bassenthwaite Lake, going out by the east side and returning by the west side. Again leaving Keswick we go from Braithwaite over Whinlatter Pass to the main road in Lorton Vale, where we turn left for Crummock Water and Buttermere. No road circuits these lakes and after we have reached the head of Buttermere we should return to the foot of Crummock Water. Thence from the junction at Lowes House, we turn sharply to the left for Loweswater, which we pass, and take the left-hand route for Ennerdale. Here

again we may not circuit the lake but must return, and pass through Ennerdale Bridge to Egremount and so on south to Gosforth and Wast Water. This completes a visit to all the larger bodies of water in the lake region. Returning from Wast Water unless we wish to thread the valley of the Esk, we proceed to the south between the Irish Sea and the mountains to Millom, and so to Broughton; from that point we may go back over a mountain road to Coniston and the heart of the lake region, or we may continue southerly to Dolton, Ulverston, and Newby Bridge at the south end of Windermere and so on to Kendal, our starting point.

The usual route from Liverpool and Preston to the lake country is almost due north through the lowlands to Lancaster and thence to Kendal.

In the course of these lake journeyings the ruins of Furness Abbey should not be omitted. They are reached through Ulverston.

Variety may be afforded by leaving the motor for excursions on the lake boats at various points.

The lake district is extensive, covering parts of three counties, and, if one includes as touring ground the great moors to the east and to the southeast the region covers a considerable part of England. While the longest lake extends only about ten miles, and the mountains reach only about thirty-two hundred feet, the immediate contrast of lake and mountain greatly enhances the charm of each. There are encountered on these routes numerous picturesque falls. Besides Wordsworth, Ruskin adds his great name to the literary associations of the lakes, since he lived among them for twenty-five years.

Such an excursion as we have outlined depends for its duration wholly on the wish of the traveler. He may loll along and give much time for view-points, stopping off also for a night here and there, so that anything from a rapid two days to a leisurely month may be consumed, but it is



THE SQUIRE'S DOOR—TRULL



DOVE COTE—LITTLE BRINGTON



THE IDLE MILL—ALLERFORD



THE OLD COTTAGE



STILE AT STOURHEAD—DORSET



THE ABBEY ROAD



CLINTON SPIRE



A DORSET HILL ROAD



PICKWICK'S TAVERN



THE UPPER THAMES



A MOUNTAIN BECK



CENTER OF THE VILLAGE—FIFIELD



PITCHCOMBE FARMS



A QUIET CORNER—LUDFORD, SHROPSHIRE



THE ISAAC WALTON BRIDGE



THE VALE OF THE DERWENT



A GATE CHURCH



AN OXFORD BRIDGE



CLEMATIS AND LILAC—BOSSINGTON

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safer not to attempt the journey under four or five days, which should be extended by as much as unfavorable weather is encountered.

Many of the points which one wishes to reach are not accessible without guides since they may be in private grounds or the paths to them may be intricate.

The tourist by cycle or on foot may vary his journey by making use of some of the numerous coach routes which cover all the main roads in the summer.

The English are very jealous, and properly so, to preserve the features of beauty in the lake country. The need of the million, however, must be considered and the city of Manchester draws a supply from Thirlmere. Pure water for teeming Manchester is to the humanitarian more important than the view of it.

It is not necessary to specify the numerous fine outlooks. To the writer the least attractive portion of the lake country is the towns where, by count, it will be found that the great majority of the lake visitors are gathered. Of course they can see nothing and feel no sense of freedom. One however, need not be much of a philosopher to understand that it is a rare individual who cares to be out of a crowd. In addition to the places mentioned there are numerous small coves in the hills where at a quiet little inn, by the side of a mere, that may not even be on the map, the repose and the charm of nature in her most intimate moods may be enjoyed.

The American will find less friction and gain more joy from his journey if he ceases to ask for American hotel conditions. It is only by fitting in to the country as he finds it that he can gain any proper appreciation of the village inn, always better than the town hotel.

AROUND AND ABOUT YORK

THERE is more important ancient English history connected with York, than with any other English city with the possible exception of Winchester. The Romans made their headquarters in England at York, mainly on account of its strategic position. It was not too far from the Pictish border, and not too far north to dominate England itself. It was the residence of many of the ablest men that Rome produced, not only generals but emperors. This prominence York has never wholly lost. It is the residence of the second church dignitary in England, the Archbishop of York, who indeed is scarcely second in many respects to the Archbishop of Canterbury. This city has this advantage for the traveler: it has not outgrown its past. A city like London overwhelms its ancient edifices and traditions. York is not too large to preserve its walls, and many other ancient monuments. Indeed, even in a commercial way, perhaps its walls are of more importance than its shops. It is here that Americans gain what is often their first impression of the medieval life. Like Carcassone in France it is a model of the feudal world. To walk about its walls is to bring one into the spirit of the Norman day and to clarify the antiquarian allusions of Walter Scott. When we add the cathedral to its other attractions, the city necessarily stands out as one of the half dozen most important in England for the tourist. York lies in a great plain and, while there is high ground between it and the North Sea, 36 miles away as the crow flies, the plain itself is only a few feet above the ocean tide, and is watered by the river Ouse. The cathedral is crowded upon by other buildings. Indeed, Durham is a solitary instance of an English cathedral standing alone and apart. The massiveness, richness, and age of the edifice, all demand the most careful attention. But we, now, are looking at the English country. A tour from York,

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eastward to Pocklington, Weighton Market, Beverley, Great Driffeld, Bridlington, and Flamborough Head, gives one an excellent impression of the northern English farming country, and of the bold headlands that jut out here and there to the east. From Flamborough we may pass through Scarborough, a much frequented resort, but still retaining some of its quainter features. Thence we may pass inland again through Brompton, New Malton and so to York. In a journey of this kind the village church, the quaint dwellings, and the bridges are always the source of keen interest.

Another excursion may be made through Tadcaster to Leeds and Bradford, if one wishes to see the greatest centers of English woolen manufacture, and perhaps still the greatest in the world. These cities have much civic pride and have gathered into municipal edifices very much in a cultural way. They may be avoided by a somewhat more northern route, directly westward from York. Presuming, however, that we pass through them, we may go to Shipley, Bingley, Keighley, and Skipton, skirting the river Aire. We have previously touched at Skipton and Bolton and if these are omitted, one may swing north from Bradford or east from Bolton to Harrogate and so to York. There is, however, a long and narrow lake at Nidderdale, an enlargement of the river Nidd, which we may visit from Harrogate or better yet, as we come from Bradford or Bolton, we may go north over the highlands from Otley, and include the beautiful reservoirs at Fuseton on the way to Pateley Bridge, and the Nidd. We may then return to York through Ripley, Knaresborough, and Kirk Hammerton. This journey is full of variety, showing as it does industrial towns, the lakes, rivers, moors, villages and lowland farms, with many a noble church and beautiful cottage. When we finally leave York for the north, two routes are open to us, one slightly northwest through a region of low land by Easingwold, and Thirsk. Another route which is not the great trunk line, but is more picturesque,

passes through Sutton-on-the-forest, Stillington, Brandsby, Helmsley, and through Rye Dale, Bilsdale Beck, to Guisborough.

We may go from Guisborough through Stockton-on-Tees, and West Hartlepool, and thence to Durham, or if we have followed from York along the Great North Road we may reach Durham through Darlington.

DURHAM AS A TOURING CENTER

THE writer is very fond of the smaller English cities. It is a short matter, to reach from them, without passing through dreary suburbs, the quiet beauties of the country. The features of the old English life are also more marked in the smaller towns. Durham also has attractions aside from its wonderful and wonderfully located cathedral, in the proximity of the sea and of the moors. The somewhat higher grounds to the east of Durham afford us interesting studies of upland farming and village life. To the west or southwest, through Willington, we may follow the upper valley of the Wear as far into the moors as we wish. Reaching Wolsingham, we may go twenty miles farther or we may return to Durham through Leicester. There are many villages about Durham capable of holding our interest for a long time. We may make our final departure for Berwick by either one of three main routes: that which is nearest the sea by Alnwick or through Wooler or through Atterburn and the Cheviot Hills to Jedburgh. This last passes through the boldest scenery, and down Jed Water and the Tweed, made famous by Scott, with features of historic or romantic lure, all the way from the headwaters of the Jed.

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LINCOLN

THE name means more to Americans because it is associated with their immortal president, and indicates that he was from one of the "oldest families," a fact which, he would have said, ought not to weigh against him, as long as he behaved himself properly. The name is as old as history, being used in some form by Celts, Romans and Saxons.

The resentment against the aristocracy of old families arises from the circumstance that the smaller a man is the more does he point to the past, for the greatness which he does not possess. And the greater a man is the less does the public think of his family.

Lincoln is seen from afar, and has the advantage that the great tract of fenland about it emphasizes its position rising on a solitary hill. The noble cathedral tops this hill and the effect is the more impressive.

It was a Roman city, and probably before that a Celtic city. From its fine strategic location it would be seized upon by the first inhabitants. The Saxons had a considerable city here, and the Danes captured and developed it. The Conqueror found a large city here, and built a castle in the feudal manner to hold the conquered down. And he had particular need of it, for it was in the labyrinthine channels of the fens to the south of it that the Saxon patriots held out longest. Thence they issued in predatory raids on the invader; to their water fastnesses they withdrew, where it was impossible to follow them. The city was taken by various parties during the troubled times of the monarchy, so that it may serve as an excellent type of the progress of history. Every race, every party, has left its mark on the town.

The section of Roman wall is perhaps unique. For the Romans made the city a colony with the large degree of independence accruing to that estate, and there were of course as always in such instances, a large

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number of veteran legionaries who married and settled here. But we should not forget that these men were not generally Italian. By this time the armies of Rome were recruited from the provinces, and, however absolute the government of Rome, merit was recognized in the soldiers and promotion was the reward. Thence we learn that provincials, without a trace of Italian blood, became not only officers of high rank but even in some instances were clothed with the purple.

The relics of the earliest past are still to be seen here and there in the city. Here, high over the smoothly flowing Witham, where, one after another, the kings, the barons, the Cromwellians held the town, the final and monumental victor is the cathedral whose towers are seen across the fens for many a mile. Whatever went down, that abided, and lays claim to be the finest in Great Britain, as it certainly is finest in the impression of its triple towers across the lowlands. There are particulars in which many other cathedrals are superior. But Lincoln has more merits taken all in all than any other. It is large, old, beautiful, well preserved, rich in ornament and structural detail, impressive within and without. Its "angel choir," though erected almost seven centuries ago, is as beautiful as any existing work. They who planned it and wrought upon it and prayed and praised within it, were supreme in their achievements, and embodied the best their minds and hands could do, to stimulate their worship.

The particular glory of a monument like this is that it represents not a mere single aspect of life, but that it is the accomplishment of the best minds, the best hands, the purest devotion, the highest degree of concentration of all these. In our day we say, "Let us appropriate a certain sum for the erection of an edifice that will answer our purpose." Not so the builders of the really great cathedrals. They said, "Go to, now, let us find the worthiest possible forms, let us secure the consummate workmen, let us assemble the best thought into the most glorious shapes;

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let us keep on until the end. Let the next generation and that following carry it on." They aimed at ecstasy in stone. They sought to make worship spontaneous. Anything that could cause admiration they took without question. No cost was ever dreamed of. No set sum was assigned. They went on until they had finished; if that meant one, two, three or four centuries, what then? They asked to embody visions. They answered their prayers as far as they could and they have inspired prayer in all later generations.

They covered the front of their edifice with a tracery like lace. They made a Galilee porch for the timid proselyte. They lifted towers which in reposeful massiveness and grace have fed the aspirations of twenty generations for something that would last and be beautiful while it lasted. They arched their choir and transepts with the first dated Early English Gothic, thus proving their alert forwardness in design and execution leading all England in this most perfect form of the Gothic ideal. They used and embellished the massive foundations of the first Norman work. The loftiness and strength of their great arches which sustain the vast central tower contrast with the delicacy of the other pillars, sustaining slighter weights. They placed a bell, of proportions worthy of its place in that tower. They created in their transepts great circular windows, the colors of whose ancient glass cast their rich hues on the stone and fill with warmth and mellow radiance the cold glories of the interior. Thus the last element of beauty is supplied, and the divine light surrounds and adopts the works of man.

They shaped the oak of England into choir stalls unsurpassed in cunning design; they flooded all with a window to the East in memory of the origin of their worship. When an earthquake wrecked a part of their labors they patiently built up again, more nobly than before. Modern and inferior restorations only cause the original genius and execution to stand out more boldly. We may know here that whatever our

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age has done that is worthy, and no man can say too much for its accomplishments, it has never reached the achievements of these old architects and artisans. In part the reason may be that we have never devoted all human faculty so totally to one high design.

The vision of this is what we need, and is, in its reaction, capable of splendid radiation into modern life. We know that men who were our brothers did this work, set high their mark, blazoned their faith, embodied their love wedded to skill in forms and materials such as to dignify the country and the souls of men.

What it means to live in Lincoln under these towers that enshrine so much we do not know. But we wish to take the highest advantage of this monument. The cathedrals are emblems of faith that cover the land, the expression of our connection with a supreme love and a supreme law. Their stones are dead if we are. They stir us if we know the spirit that wrought them. They form a perfect background for full and rich living. If modern life with its amazing development can embrace also these edifices and that which they stand for, we shall reach a rotundity of existence. The whirr of the motor, actuated by the water powers, will signify what it ought, when the spirit of service dominates it. Modern life must be big enough for worship, art, and mechanics, all interacting to produce a unified social fabric, rich, strong, beautiful, enduring. Modern life is not yet inclusive enough. You will see an expert who is nothing else. You will see a monk making off for his cloister. You will see an artist who surmises that art is an end in itself. What modern life will have, as soon as it attains its manhood, is a unit of society developed on all sides to symmetry. Modernity is yet in awkward adolescence.



ENGLAND'S GREATEST OAK



ON THE ARUN



THROUGH THE SHADOWS



BETWEEN BRIDGE AND COTTAGE



SEEKING THE SHADE



A HIGHLAND CASCADE



THE BENDING BROOK



SUMMER GRACE



LEISURELY LIFE



FAR FROM BROADWAY



GLYN PATH



BEHIND THE WALLS



LYDIARD

PILGRIMS

AS the crow flies, nineteen miles west of Sheffield, representing modern mechanics, and twenty-three miles northwest of Lincoln, representing an established region, and nine miles south of Doncaster, representing the world, the flesh and the devil, dwelt at Scrooby, William Brewster. The village is on the Great North Road and Brewster was postmaster, which in those days put him in charge of official transport. He held this office for thirteen years. This man was no rustic, but acquainted with the affairs of the world and a wide reader. His considerable library contained a good number of volumes in the learned tongues and he was able to read them much more readily than the college bred New Englander who knows so little of him as to dismiss him as an ignorant sectary.

Only about two miles north lived William Bradford, a friend of Brewster. The houses in which these men lived, still stand and it is no credit to their American descendants, both by blood and spirit, that the dwellings are not carefully restored, or brought to America, and erected as eternal monuments to men of faith. The Bradford house needs little done to it. The cellar to which Bradford and his friends retired to worship is carefully cleaned. But the Brewster house has had some tawdry restorations, out of keeping with its time.

The dwellings are respectable buildings, the one a manor house, the other an appanage of old Episcopal foundations. They are visited by numbers of Americans. The English dissenters have many adherents and they also should pay more attention to the origins of their free faith.

These men left England for the sole reason that they wished to worship God without the necessary intervention of any kind of form, garment or edifice. It is worth noting that their homes were their places of worship

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for many years. Why should it be worth anyone's while to twist some other meaning than desire for free worship into the leaving of England by the Pilgrims? Their lot in Holland was hard because in a teeming country against keen competition they were obliged to begin again with a severe handicap, and little or no capital. They found themselves under the necessity of accepting the offer of a London corporation to send them to America.

The English churches in which these men and their friends worshipped still stand, and Brewster's pew may be seen. The country they dwelt in is flat and uninteresting. Its main interest is in the church edifices which lift their noble towers all over the fen country. It is a curious fact that in these lowlands the towers are loftier than in other parts of England. It is as if the dwellers on these dead levels had no way to rise above the plain, except as they raised the edifices. Their aspirations were fixed on heaven.

It is an absorbing tour, this of the Pilgrim and Puritan country. Not far away is Boston with its huge church tower where Cotton Mather was, and whence he and his friends came to America and brought the name with them. These Boston and Salem emigrants were men of more substantial property than the Pilgrims, whose pioneering stirred the Puritans to follow. These early American settlers therefore came mostly from the lowlands of England. Their habits of thought, their features, may all be noted a thousand times in this region. The stock was English in thought and feeling for centuries, but, before the Conqueror these lands were largely taken by the Danes. There is probably as much, or more of the Dane or Norseman in the early settlers as of the Saxon. The people were closely akin in their social organization and blood. If there was a difference it lay perhaps in the spirit of adventure, which has always marked the Scandinavian people. The names, as Nottingham, are about all that remain to remind us of the more remote origins. The personal names

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are largely English, as in Carver, Brewster (occupational names), and in Bradford, Allerton and so on (names from locations of dwellings).

The most significant aspect of the Pilgrim and Puritan settlement is that feudalism and the hierarchy never took deep root in the fen country of England. The earlier Saxon and Danish social organization grew up through an imposed feudalism. It consisted of a nearly pure democracy. One man was as good as another. All were peers before the ridiculous restriction of the term to a few lords of Westminster. They resented, these early democrats, being ruled over, in church or state, except as they deputed public functions, and that temporarily to persons chosen by vote. The origin of the democratic church and state are to be found in the ancient social organization of the Saxons and Danes. Their outdoor parliament participated in by all, in person or in proxy, is the basis of the town meeting and of the churches which elect their own pastors, and think out their own lives. America needs to remember this, the dignity of the citizen who is approved of by his peers. This idea is fundamental in the Declaration of Independence, and in the Constitution of the United States. Not by any external body but by themselves are people to determine how they shall organize and what institutions they shall found. If this is forgotten, in church or state, catastrophe is certain.

GOTHIC ENGLAND

THE reader need not fear a new repetition of the oft-told tale of cathedral pilgrimages. More general interest is found in the fact that the cathedral is merely a church selected as an episcopal residence, as recently, that of Southwell. The old minster was simply taken over as the bishop's church. The point is that England has many noble Gothic churches, some of them finer than some cathedrals, which are still and

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ever will be mere parish churches. The people wanted a noble church in the parish, and they built it, that was all. The capacity for planning and the will to execute were found in abundance in England for hundreds of years. One parish did not go begging from another. It put up its churches as a matter of local pride. The pilgrimage to the finer parish churches of England is, in many aspects, more fruitful of interest and information than a pilgrimage to cathedrals. Towns of ten, twenty or thirty thousand people raised edifices which in style, solidity, dignity, beauty, size and even expense far surpass anything of the sort to be found in America. There is nothing in our Boston to match the church in the small English Boston. There is nothing in our Taunton with a small part of the majesty and beauty of English Taunton, in church edifices. The knowledge is found in America but it is not generally found for such erections as those of England. The spirit and generosity are not found. In mind now, is a parish in America, with a good number of wealthy men who put up after seven years effort, a little church of brick veneer! Not only were its people lacking in the spirit and feeling of the proprieties to build in stone, but they could not even be brought to build in brick. They have so little sensitiveness in the matter that they go to this sham edifice without a consciousness that it is sham. And opposite them is an edifice of wood, of an older communion, the buttresses of which stood on thin air, since they were sham buttresses, hollow, not necessary to the structure. If one asks why they are there, one is told for "looks"! Certainly we Americans are descended a long way from the people on the lowlands of England who knew how to erect on their cozy soil a tower, as at Boston, of massive stone, 288 feet high; and as at Southwell, a village where they built so well that in 1884 their edifice, erected nearly three hundred years before America was discovered, was made a cathedral!

Thus Gothic England is curiously enough found largely where there were no building materials and nothing to serve as a foundation. The

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lowlands of England are one more broad illustration to prove that people follow their beckonings and are not downed by their environment. Of course they brought their stone by water. But how they succeeded as well as they did in erecting their great stone towers so that most of them are still plumb is a mystery.

ROMAN ERECTIONS

WHEN we talk of the work of the Romans in Britain we really mean the toils of the legionaries. They, mostly Spanish, Gallic, German, and British, each carried as part of his weighty accountrement a pick and shovel. The Romans knew how to keep their armies peaceable in times of peace. The shovel made the Roman Empire possible. The cohorts dug themselves in at every encampment. They knew their job.

The disasters of America in her wars are often to be laid to the lack of breast works. So the soldiers and forced labor built the wall which, properly guarded, made England safe on the north for hundreds of years.

The great wall was no less than seventy-four miles long. It would not be reasonable to regard the ditch and earthwork near it as contemporary, though they were intended to serve the same purpose. The wall is not merely a monument to the steady persistence of Romans, but also to the fierce bravery of the Picts of Scotland who so often hurled themselves against the Roman short sword. That the power of Rome was not enough without this fortification is a clear indication of the formidable nature of the northern foe, who lay in wait to raid the riches of North England. It is a humiliating illustration of disappearance of knowledge that even from a literary age no record is left us to make certain whether the wall was built under Hadrian or under Severus ninety years later.

Following the wall across the hills is a pleasant excursion, with its

tang of northern air, its hoary reminder of ancient days, its moors with wandering sheep, its farmhouses nestled in the dells, and its quaint villages. At times the views are broad and exhilarating. At times the sweet stream of the Tyne spreads its enchantments.

The wall had enlarged fortifications a Roman mile apart, in the form of castles, while at wider but irregular intervals were large stations. There were ever frequent turrets between the mile stations. Thus every part of the wall was at all times watched, and concentrations were easy by marches along the broad top. It is as well to begin the journey at Heddin-on-the-Wall, which has a church, partly Norman. The wall has served for material used in many erections of the middle ages. The wall, indeed, starts from the Tyne at a large town appropriately named Wallsend, a suburb of Newcastle. But the more interesting remains begin miles away. Sites of Roman towns are passed, and medieval chapels and castles. But let not the tourist imagine that the wall is everywhere, or even often in evidence. Its stones were too convenient for other purposes. Its traces are general but only occasionally is it nearly complete. A piece of the wall and even a turret are found at Brunton House, a little east of Chollerford. Here also a Roman town has been unearthed and that with many relics, are pointed out along the wall. There is no Roman bridge in Britain but the ruins of one are found at this point on the North Tyne.

Up to Shiel-on-the-Wall a military road has enabled us to follow the ruin. But here we must take to our feet if we wish to see the better part, where the wall is in good condition for a long distance, owing to the higher country through which it passes, apart from towns. The elevation of the highest portion above the sea is 1230 feet, and the wall itself is eight feet wide and twenty high, ample, since it is of stone, to stop all marauding bands, so long as defenders were on the crest. At Greenhead the military road may be followed again, so that twelve miles only are without it.

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The section from Greenhead to the Solway is of less interest, though the Station at Amboglanna, in Cumberland, is well worth attention. The old wall will, in coming ages, continue to be a remainder of the days when men did not know they could live better by an honest exchange of goods than by robbery.

It may not be remembered that the region between the Tyne and the Tweed was added to England long after the Roman day. Their civilization crossed the Tyne but their main line of defense was there.

The great ditch or vallum on the south side of the wall is not always parallel with it, but when defended it was a formidable barrier, since it had three ramparts, all of earth, which, before they were finished, whetted the appetite of many a legionary. It is natural to suppose that this fortification antedated the wall, and that, as an emperor succeeded, who was conservative and who aimed at defense rather than conquest, the wall was erected.

The civilizing power of Rome in Britain neglected one thing — the training of its people to fight for themselves. In the earlier years of the conquest it was natural that the policy of Rome should not employ British soldiers in Britain. When, however, the country became pacified, and even rich, with numerous teeming cities, thousands of villas, and a network of stone roads, the British were enlisted even in the legions, quartered in the country and were doubtless as ready in the year 300, let us say, to defend the empire, as any of its citizens. It was the exigencies of the attacks on Italy itself that gradually called the legions away one by one, until, after final disaster, there were none to be returned to Britain. Long secure, that country was left without a militia. The same invaders who overwhelmed the continental dominion of Rome also crossed the North Sea and poured over Britain. They were all Teutonic tribes. The special matter germane to our thought now is that the Roman remains in Britain fell into the hands of a people who lived in the open and did

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not fortify. The only use they found for the great erections of stone was their destruction for their own homes. Hence England Beautiful lacks any considerable erections to grace its romantic past. Saxon effort, so far as it remains, is nearly all underground as foundations, or is gathered as relics into museums. The genius of Teutonic people in old time was the reverse of feudal, and averse to city life. Their organization was strictly agricultural; every man was in the militia; and their defense was their own breasts. So long did this condition continue and so totally unlike were the races, that most amazing of all, even the old roads were neglected until they were mostly forgotten. Only here and there are the Roman roads still followed, because they were primarily military. They connected the great towns that arose around fortifications. The division of England into small kingdoms made these roads useless and even dangerous to the weaker kingdoms. Provincialism grew apace and has never died out of England. Even now the phrase "provincial towns" is a standing and too obvious indication of the past. Hostile frontiers discouraged travel. Local life was intensified and differentiated until there were several Englands. What would be thought in America of calling a city like Cleveland a provincial town? The unity natural to the rapid settlement of America has tended to unify speech so that there is little noticeable difference between east and west. But the speech of Wensleydale is almost Chaucerian. We must go into the remotest Appalachian valley to hear old-fashioned English and even then it is more modern by a hundred years than one hears in old corners or nooks of Britain.

The consequence, for the traveler, is the interest arising from the local customs, architecture or speech. The England of to-day is unstandardized. If we ask what good English is we certainly hear little of it in London, and less in the north and west. Middle England and the Universities have the better diction. But the tourist loves the local tang



LITTLE CHURCH IN THE VALE



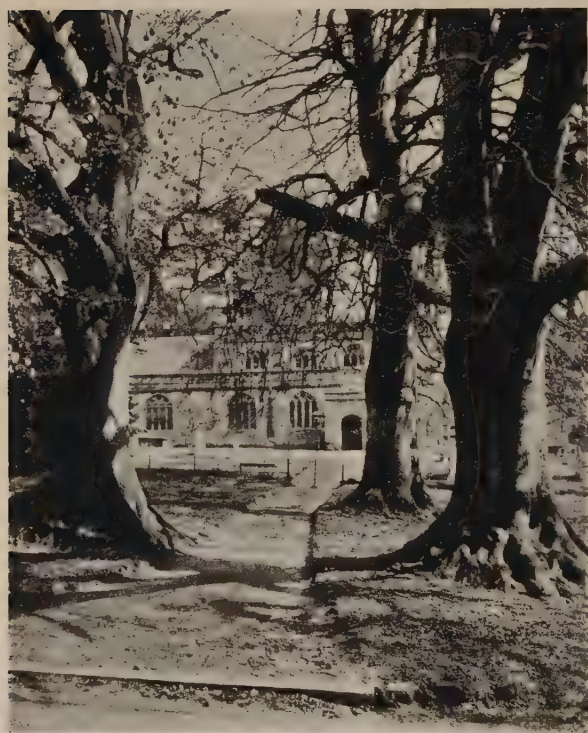
UNDER THE SUNDIAL—ELTON



CHURCH IN SQUARE WITH FLAGPOLE



HARDWICH



STOURHEAD CHURCH PATH



WAYSIDE WATERS



STOKESAY CASTLE GATE AND CHURCH



WELLS



A PEEP OVER THE WALL



A CURVE ON THE DEE



A COSY VILLAGE



ON AN ERRAND



BELOW THE ARCHES



CHILD LABOR

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and spirit. Two small towns are never alike. Half-timbering in one town, Cotswold cottages in another, the Horsham type south of London, the rough stone of Cornwall and a dozen other varieties make themselves attractive. Costume indeed in England varies little, as compared with the far more marked provincialism of France and Spain. But the main trend of Rome was unity, and the main trend of England, under Saxon and Norman, was diversity. The freeholder decreased under the feudal Norman and it was either a crime or a questionable matter to be found far from the acres to which one was supposed to be tied, and generally was tied. Even now there is far less general travel in England than here, where the rolling stone gathers moss.

Standardization is blessed if you want a nut for a motor car, but if you seek poems, or music, or oratory, or architecture you find merit in variety. The banal demerit of fashionable life is that it tends to sameness. With it, the outward counts, not the inward. Character lines are cut in seclusion or at least under local influences. Just as you wish the same number of threads to an inch on nuts, you hope to find human heads with a little originality at least. Much of the charm of foreign travel lies in observing excellent local features, in men, in nature and in their interplay. The Roman stamp was powerfully impressed on the continent, three nations having a speech, a law, an architecture based on Roman originals. England brought in, here and there, the Romanesque in architecture, as modified by the Norman. She adopted the Gothic and made three styles of it. She did at last, the best thing ever done for domestic architecture, by adopting the Tudor style. She carried on at the same time, in various combinations, the half-timbered edifices which are really Saxon. And, if we add the variations growing out of a difference of materials in parts of England, the total foots up to the widest possible divergence in taste, age, inspiration, material, ornament and size. England is the world's best field for the enjoyment of variety in

architecture. It is far more interesting and human than the Roman. The probability is that history does not go back to the beginning of half-timbering in England. The national spirit went on, among the common people, changing little in cottage, grange and hall, though dynasties shifted. But a strong infusion of Continental fashions in public edifices like churches and in the abodes of the rich left sufficient variety.

The adoption of Greek classical motives, previously adopted in Italy, contributed the final touch of variety to England. It is often possible, in a radius of two miles, to find Norman gothic, feudal castle, English gothic, Tudor, half-timbering, classical, and native styleless lovely English cottages, the last in several types. And as all or most of these are wreathed, touched by moss or lichen or iridescence in the stone, slate or tile, hugged by ivy, companioned by elms or oaks or beeches, lined out by old walls or hedges, one finds oneself in a paradise of style mellowed and blended by the climate till each seems at home, and each setting off and a complement of each.

It is of the highest importance for the world that this school of architecture, this exhibit of the concrete embodiment of what men have thought out and have loved for ages shall be preserved. The debt of America to England in this respect is incalculable. All over America are endless duplicates of the work of England.

Despite our conservatism, and the struggle up through the shoddy, the aggregate of good structures in America has reached an impressive, and astonishing number. At the present hour the pace of change is much accelerated, so that in many parts of America one cannot drive an hour without seeing hundreds of excellent dwellings rising, against whose type nothing can be said. America is being transformed by England and the process will be completed in some newer district within fifty years or half that time. Of course there will always be here, as in England, the exceptional edifice fit only to produce wicked thoughts.

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The millennium in architecture may come; just now we are glad of a widespread and general reformation.

ENGLISH CLIMAXES

THE following are merely the estimates of experience, and might be changed radically by more complete investigation.

The most formal elegant cities are Bath and Oxford.

The most attractive villages are Castle Coombe in Wilts, Cherwillin.

The quaintest small cities, Dunster, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Warwick.

The most pleasing cities of their size are Taunton, or Winchester.

The finest setting in lowlands for a cathedral, is that of Ely.

The most perfect small cathedral, and in a good setting, is Lichfield.

The finest location for picturesque qualities is Durham, then Lincoln.

The cathedral with the finest aroma of antiquity is Winchester.

The most satisfactory cathedral for massiveness, dignity, and historic association is Canterbury.

The finest broad view of farm lands is from the Malvern Hills.

The best river valley for sheer beauty, is that of the Wye. The best for quiet loveliness combined with estates, is the Thames.

The wildest and most diversified beauties are seen from the summits of the mountains in the Lake Country.

The most extensive views in England are from the towers of the fen country.

The most romantically situated seashore villages are Mouse Hole, Ilfracombe and Clovelly. The most romantic spot is the Castle Cliff at Tintagel.

The loveliest ruins are Rievaulx, Bolton, Fountains Abbeys. The most thrilling is Glastonbury.

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The most impressive church for massiveness is St. Albans.

The finest castle in England is Windsor; the grimmest Flamboro; that best known in romance, Kenilworth.

The loveliest cottages in England may be found anywhere! But the Cotswold for fine stone, Surrey for heavy roofs.

The moors are the least populated portion of England.

The boldest coasts are in Cornwall and Devon.

The most interesting drive is from Chester to Gloucester.

The most perfectly kept lands are those of Kent.

The finest dales are the Wharfe and Wensleydale.

The most charming woodlands are in New Forest.

The Pilgrim Way of Chaucer is the most notable ancient road.

The peculiar village features are the market crosses, market houses, village well houses.

The village church is the dearest, commonest, most characteristic feature of every region.

The most beautiful rolling lands are in Devon. The plains are all low and almost the only extensive level region is that on the North Sea, a portion in Kent; most of it in the Lincoln Fens and thence toward Norfolk.

The mildest portions of England are the Southwest coasts; they are also most rainy.

LITTLE DETOURS IN THE NORTH

THE Yorkshire dales is the name given to the central highlands of north England. The reason is that it is the dales that men inhabit and though the Pennine Range occupies most of the space the name goes to the valleys. It is much as if we should say the New Hampshire Valleys instead of the White Mountains. But another reason is that the

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mountains are mere tablelands, without the usual appearance or effect of a mountain range.

The somewhat bare, though snug, impression given by the homesteads in the narrower vales arises from the uniform stone, in the steep escarpments of the valleys and in the dwellings themselves, since timber in the proper sense there is little. The people seem to have taken on a character of their surroundings, having a burr in their accent and a weathered look, with a stiff and stern attitude to the world which is common among northern peoples where nature herself is stern.

In nearly all parts of England hay is in stacks, whereas in Eastern America a stack is seldom seen. In Yorkshire dales also as in New England, the hay is gathered into barns, a far more economical method. The stone roofs are beautifully colored, melting into the landscape.

In Swaledale, reached from Darlington or Northallerton, we have a fine example of the lofty and closely encroaching hills. The woodland, so rare elsewhere, alleviates the coldness of the hills about Richmond, and the rich greens of spring, the magnificent yellows and browns of autumn casting their glamorous tint over all offer a fine experience. It is as if nature said, "You *shall* be gorgeously arrayed, you quiet northern valley. I will force the gown upon you willy-nilly." For either in reality or by reflection the whole air and every visible thing is tinted with warm color.

We dislike the word river for these mountain streams which are quite small except in wrong impression to an American. They are brooks, or streams, or creeks, to our eyes and so broken by rocks and winding from the effect of the troubling hills that they become dear and intimate; friendly creatures with no end of varied beauty.

Richmond the gate of Swaledale is as striking in appearance as any village in England. It may owe the distinction to the circumstance that it was never besieged. The fine square unbroken tower of its great castle

keep, surrounded by minor erections, affords an assembled mass of picturesque outline difficult to match. When it is all seen in the broken reflections of the Swale it leaves a haunting memory too beautiful to lose. Upward into the highlands above Richmond we go, passing the sweetly situated village of Marske, and including shortly after leaving Richmond the wonderful outlook from Whitecliffe scar. Up the valley Turner found scope for his genius in his painting of Marrick Priory. But a thousand artists since have eagerly striven to record these crags in their alternately ominous or glorious aspects. At the head of the main dale is Muker, huddled so closely together that the bridge, the stream, the church, the inn, are shoulder to shoulder, but the picturesque effect is delightful.

Rushing through this, or any other Yorkshire ravine there are frequent rapids. Under the fine English name of Kisdon Force, a fall which after even a slight rain well befits in its tumultuous leap, its appellation, meets one near Keld. It does not reach the fine height of Hardrow Force in Wensleydale. The pass by the Buttertubs from Muker in Swaledale to Hawes in Wensleydale is doubtful going for a motor, but a journey back to Marrick and thence across to Leyburn. Many, however, will joy in the broad uplands with their deeply hidden becks, their apparently boundless spaces, their distant hard blue ridges and the wild freedom of their isolation. To avoid disappointment one should go up a dale immediately after a good rain. Then the streams are full and boiling. It is a novel pleasure, when a brisk shower begins, to stand where a beck comes down from the fells and to observe in a short time the rapid growth of the stream. One seems admitted to one of the best of nature's free displays of activity. One is reminded that every moment so much is going forward in the world. In the quietest hour of sunshine the invisible vapor is ascending as rapidly as it afterwards pours down. The joy of being out-of-doors is the sense that we are in a vast work shop where strikes

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never occur. The storm, the warmth, the growth, the decay — something is proceeding on a scale so big that we are lifted into the movement. And in these processes we lose fear of what may come to us, and rather invite than avoid the progress of change. The out-of-door man is seldom nervous.

ENGLISH OF THE NORTH

AN Englishman of Yorkshire might describe going up a vale in language something like this:

We come over from the fen country, where there are no downs or dells but only canals and broads, and reach the last of the meads below Shipley. Dykes and causeys are exchanged for fells and the screes formed by the runnels down the sides of the scars. Thwaites and Thwaites Brow lead us to the moors where a croft seldom appears, and a shaw is even more rare. In Yorkshire we have not the pikes and lakes of Westmoreland, only small tarns and their becks. The heather of the wolds gives place to bent on the brows above the granges. The springs on the escarpment of the cliffs grow to gills flowing through strath to meadow, between the lea and the precipice. Above Skipton there is how on the hows but no whin at the haugh. On the Aire we miss the stepping stones of the Wharfe at Bolton Abbey, but instead of the strid there is many a cascade, and a force falling into a linn. The deep denes above Malham end in a dark dingle. Between Malham lings and great close the torrent becomes a rapid, the beetling crags form a narrows, the rills are in spate, water drips from every crest, stones impending on the heights often fall into the talus, till the welkin rings. The flume which you Americans call a cañon is a fearsome place which bristles with sharp promontories of rock, slippery ledges disputing the path, till the ravine

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becomes a chasm, the channel has bare room for basins, till we are glad to emerge from this den which should illustrate the hard passes of Christian in Pilgrim's Progress. On the moss of the fells we rest, till the western sun warns us to make down through Cowside, between Catrigg and Longcliffe Scar with its cave, till at length below Castlebergh and Attermyre Cliffe we reach a resting place at Settle or Giggleswick. Such is an English Vale! And even yet if we go north we have the braes and burns of bonnie Scotland, its lochs and straits leading down to the bays and bights, the friths with their mountain borders, the heads which are hooks in Holland, past marshes and ponds which are bogs in Ireland, and cairns that mark old catastrophies.

SUCCESSFUL TRAVELERS

THE objects of travelers may differ but may it not be said that to know a land and its people are good reasons for traveling and to acquire this knowledge in a pleasing way appeals to most Americans who are in England for rest as well as entertainment? May an old traveler offer some suggestions?

1. The traveler needs an open mind. To start with the prejudice that America does everything in the best way is to lose the spirit of inquiry. Every nation has its points of excellence, in which it excels even the most favored nation. That America may excel in all points is of course the ambition of every patriotic American. But that can never come about until we carefully compare English life with our own. In the single matter of fewer crimes of violence in England, she is far in advance of us. It will not help us a particle to start out to show the points of American excellence. If we wish to be preëminent we need the open mind to observe the excellence of other peoples. As we examine such matters we



THE POTATO PATCH



WATER PLAY



ALONG THE CLOISTER



AWAITING THE GOODMAN'S RETURN



ABBEY ARCHES



TINTERN ABBEY



A CATHEDRAL CRYPT



CHRIST CHURCH



WARWICK CASTLE



THE ARCHES OF RIEVAULX



THE GRASSED WALK



ON THE WYE



A COTTAGE IN ROSES



ALONG THE BACKS—CAMBRIDGE



BOSTON STUMP

shall really progress. The probability is that we shall find several things to learn.

2. The traveler needs to see the various aspects of a country, so far as its society is concerned. How humble people live is a most interesting study. How the great live is published everywhere, and flaunted before the world. The daily life of the English shop keeper, farmer, operative, are different from each other and different from American conditions. The English newspaper is totally different from our own. Our news columns are all important. There the news is best known through the editorials. English people's recreations, their outlook, their political methods are stimulating to notice because they contrast with our own. Their university system, cultural equipment, libraries, what books they read and how their tastes run as compared with ours are stimulative inquiries. Here one may be surprised to learn that very many more great books are sold in America.

3. The traveler needs to discern the merits with the demerits of the English inns. If he does so he learns that the simpler, smaller inns are far more human and agreeable than the larger ones. There will not be leisure even for the long time visitor to import successfully American customs in English inns. The Englishman likes many creature comforts though he goes about getting them in a manner different from our own. With little friction and much amusement the American may fall into the English ways and find something good though different from America. There is a certain homelikeness in a little inn, and a pleasant sense of being cared for by people who have not too many guests to forget the individual. This is a rule to which we have never yet found an exception: the smaller the inn the pleasanter. The food may not be served just as we have it at home, but it will be substantial. Americans are all agog to visit at home some inn which poses as antique, though we know none that is honestly so with its contents. But in England there are so many that are

old fashioned without the consciousness of the fact. And such places do not live on their reputation but give a shilling's worth for a shilling, not as in an American inn with a great undeserved reputation where the dinner charge is double the average and one is faced on every side by fakes or Victorian antiques.

In England you may sit at a real tavern table if you list, and speak with a real but simple proprietor and eat amid the accumulations of three or more hundred years. The little inns are often delightfully situated, delightful in themselves, and old as an ancient home is old, without pretense, the best being unnoticed.

4. The traveler needs, always, to be exploring by paths. They offer the true flavor of the land and the people. The crowd obscures the great channels of travel, and everything becomes sophisticated on the main stream. The glens, the villages off the track, the cottages up the lanes, the hamlets whose roads are not on the Broadway are the traveler's delight. We have mentioned Castle Coombe which is not noted in either of the great and very thorough guide books. So the littlest glens of Yorkshire, that are not mentioned are the rarest for interest. The corners of any country are better than its center, unless we are seeking as we also must at times the great libraries and museums. Even so many of their contents are duplicated in America, but there is not an American village that remotely resembles an English village. If we go where there are no factories we find England still largely the England of Irving and Cranford. Any part of England which grows cosmopolitan in any degree is not for our enjoyment, because in that degree it becomes trite and like all the rest of the world. One may as well be in Philadelphia as in Liverpool, in Worcester as in Leeds. But to be in Totnes, or Richmond (in the north), or Oxford, or Canterbury or a thousand other English cities, villages or countrysides is to be in what is different from anything in America or even in England itself. In fact the most delightful English

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days are passed in places hardly recorded on a large map. One apple tastes better than a barrel full, so one well relished, understood and loved English countryside, is better than several counties. One thing at a time is a perpetual joy. A person may grow gluttonous and miserable by seeking to crowd under one average sized hat the traditions, beauties, life of all Northumberland, and that in a day or two.

5. The traveler needs to seek for humor and to meet incidents with a laugh. The kind heart carries one farther than the feet can ever follow. The gentle, odd, tender, amusing side of a country, where one laughs with, and not at the people is that side which remains long sweet in memory, gives travel its piquancy and leaves a good taste in the mouth. There is a very droll side to Englishmen. Punch is as funny as can be, but its fun is different from ours. The Englishman, Dickens proved, is a delightful character, and his differences from us make him interesting. Old people and children are both delightful in conversation. The fun in an Englishman is abundant, once its spirit is set in motion. Humor touches off the features, emphasizes the salient points in life. Those who go prepared to be amused and amusing are never disappointed.

6. The travel needs leisure. A little remembered, is better than much forgotten. A hurried journey is positively as good as none. We look with amazement on Englishmen who come to America to see polyglot foreign New York City and Niagara Falls and go back in about a week. They learn nothing of characteristic American cities, nor of its country life. But Americans are often as completely lacking in the sense of proportion. They land at Liverpool, rush to London, visit Windsor and Bath and are aboard ship again. Motor; motor all the time; motor everywhere and go leisurely, or walk. A week of it is better than ten times the average routine.

7. The traveler needs to beware of those who, as their profession, cater to Americans. Every ship comes to America with loads of new

things bought in England as antiques. American shops are glutted with English furniture that looks old to a novice, but is all new except the wood, and which is sold, millions of dollars worth annually, for double or treble its value. The visitor abroad can do no better there. The chances are as one in a thousand that a worthy article will be found. Rather ought Americans to seek out modern artists, young men doing worthy work but without great names, and to bring home their work. In time it may be very valuable, and if carefully bought it will certainly never be worth less than new. The stuff that Americans bring home and inflict for inspection on their long suffering or credulous friends would lade a hundred or more Mayflowers every year, but if it went to the bottom of the sea, America would be a sweeter, saner place to live. Here let a particular warning be given. The writer has seen vast quantities of stuff, passed by American customs inspectors as antiques (more than a hundred year old importations not being taxed), which are not antique. The dealer then shakes before the eye of a prospective customer his manifest, slapping it triumphantly and exclaiming, "There is the guarantee of Uncle Sam that these goods are veritable antiques." And the proceeding fools nearly everybody. During the past year this process has become a public scandal, but at present there seems no way to stop it. Sometimes the inspector does not know, we must charitably presume. But when you go abroad buy new things only. If a word is said about its being old, drop it like a hot iron. There are better ways of remitting the English war debt than by paying five hundred dollars for an oak cupboard and getting rid of it in a few years for twenty-five dollars. This is an instance that is known to the author. Years of study will scarcely prevent the buyer from being taken in.

8. The traveler needs for himself, for his country, for his hosts, to show a sweet, true, abundantly courteous nature. Many Americans are redeeming themselves from the vulgarity which our English cousins are,

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sad to say, sometimes apparently glad to detect. But not one Englishman will withstand a true student of England; unselfish and gentlemanly in his inquiries. For inquiry is the ancient and excellent mode of acquiring information. People, the world over, like to tell what they know of their country. They are at home on the subject. Seek to know in England and one gets ahead rapidly. However quick of manner and carelessly pushing we may be at home, the way to an Englishman's acquaintance is through being what we wish him to be. The English are most obliging to Americans who seek to know. A rebuff is unknown in our experience. If we can bring back from England a higher regard for justice and self-restraint, if we can come home steeped in the spirit of the steady movement toward the light which has marked the history of England for hundreds of years, if we can acquire the romantic beautiful influences of an architecture, instinct with beauty and strength, if we can add to love of ourselves a love, keenly appreciative of the many nobilities and triumphs of the English people, we cannot make too soon a pilgrimage to England Beautiful.

THE ENGLISH LANDSCAPE IN LITERATURE

GRAY'S *Elegy* abounds with names applied to English landscapes. The terms he uses are so fine that the author once classified them. The poem uses short words, for the most part, but such was the precision with which Gray pointed his thought that, in the years he gave to this composition, he always found at length the exact shade to express his meaning. The northern and Scotch terms are of course excluded, yet we find many expressions not in our familiar speech, which are, unhappily, being lost out of the language. In a generation they will become obsolete. What better word than *lea* to describe the fallow land given up to pasture?

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The word has become incorporated in proper names yet how many men on the street could define it? Lawn, as Gray uses it, has already become rare, as the description of a clear field. The trees surrounding the homestead and the church are nearly all mentioned. It is this weaving in of familiar objects which in part accounts for the appeal of the poem.

Wordsworth's prestige as a poet of nature is not likely to be lost. His nature vocabulary is so complete that one suspects him of seeking out every word which could properly name the world he saw and its reactions. From turf to "trailing clouds of glory" his range runs. His home being in this same northern England, which is richer in such nature speech, perhaps, than any other place where English is spoken, afforded him special scope for his descriptive proclivities. But it is probable that no man has equaled Scott in weaving into his work the quaint, fantastic, apt and provincial phrases which he loved to marshal in his descriptions of the lovely scenery of Scotland, though he also visited the finer parts of North England.

Burns, who really loved to plow, gathers into his verse the sweetest phrases that exist on the simple experiences of life out-of-doors. His lines on a daisy, and on disturbing a mouse, show his delicate facility to perfection. They will never be superseded.

Tennyson with his learning is the poet of the scientist, but so wide was his scope and so full his vocabulary that he makes use of most out-of-door terms, and arrays them in masterly effect.

Shakespeare was an out-of-door boy and loved the woods which led him both to paradise and pain. The wild echoes of his boyhood revive in "As You Like It." Cooped in London, his potent imagination fitted its inn yards and stuffy play houses with the sweetness of the rills. The sylvan dells rose visibly at the lifting of his wand. He transplanted the forests of Warwickshire to the lanes and alleys on the Thames, and like his own Prospero in "The Tempest" called up the pastoral, rustic, and

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joyous countryside. His auditors saw like a mirage the rippling water on paved courts and their spires appeared through rustling branches. No poet worth his salt fails to react to the beauty of the country. Not only painting but literature has been endeavoring to depict for hundreds of years the beauty and the joy of England. If the island of Great Britain should suddenly sink, we should be able to draw again the features of every county as delineated in her poets and novelists. Each in his own domain has etched England for us, Blackmore for Devon, Hardy for Dorset, Wordsworth for Cumberland, and many another, each in his own vicinage, has embellished the tapestry of his thought with all that is true and lovely and of good report, through the length and breadth of a land rich in beauty, and as rich in sons who perceived and delineated it.

If the physical features of England did not lie back of the pageantry of her history we should be deprived of that history also, because however much we believe in pure spirit we are in a world that depends on tangible things also. A land beautiful in itself is good. A land full of historic associations is important. A land rife in genius and all fine achievement is best of all. When we have these three foundations of greatness piled, one on another, we have England.

TWO WEEKS IN ENGLAND

LONDON: the British Museum, Kensington Museum, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's; two days.

Kent, Canterbury, Surrey for finished suburban life, Winchester, Salisbury; three days.

Wilts, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, with Exeter, Plymouth and Bath and Wells; three days.

Gloucester, Worcester, Shrewsbury and the Welsh border; three days.

The Shakespeare country, Oxford, Derbyshire Peak; three days.

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FOUR WEEKS IN ENGLAND

ADD to the above the fen country with Ely, Peterboro, Lincoln; four days.

York and Durham, with excursions into the Yorkshire dales; four days.

The Lake Country; three days.

The Cotswolds (after Wells), and Nottingham (Washington and Pilgrim Country); three days.

EIGHT WEEKS IN ENGLAND

LONDON: One week. Museums and galleries, and the great churches, shrines and the Tower.

Canterbury, Surrey, Sussex, Winchester, Salisbury; one week.

Somerset, South Devon, Cornwall, Penzance, Land's End, St. Ives; one week.

Bath, Wells, Glastonbury, the Cotswolds, Oxford, Cambridge, Bedford; one week.

Norwich, Lincoln, Derbyshire, Warwickshire, Gloucester; one week.

The Wye, Hereford, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Chester; one week.

York, Durham, North Northumberland; one week.

The Dales and The Lake Country; one week.

In these suggestions it is presumed that the tourists will motor, take all their baggage with them, and keep going on wet days as well as dry.

A LONG SUMMER IN ENGLAND

FOUR months is the only satisfactory tour. We recognize that it is not often feasible for Americans to be away so long. In that case the greatest pleasure will be had, not merely at the time, but in retro-



LINCOLN GATE



A LITTLE VILLAGE BRIDGE



KENT CURVES



SEA STAIRS



A NESTLING VILLAGE



RHODODENDRON POOL—KENT



AN ENGLISH HOME



BETWEEN THE HEDGEROWS



THE COTTAGE STRAND



STONEHENGE



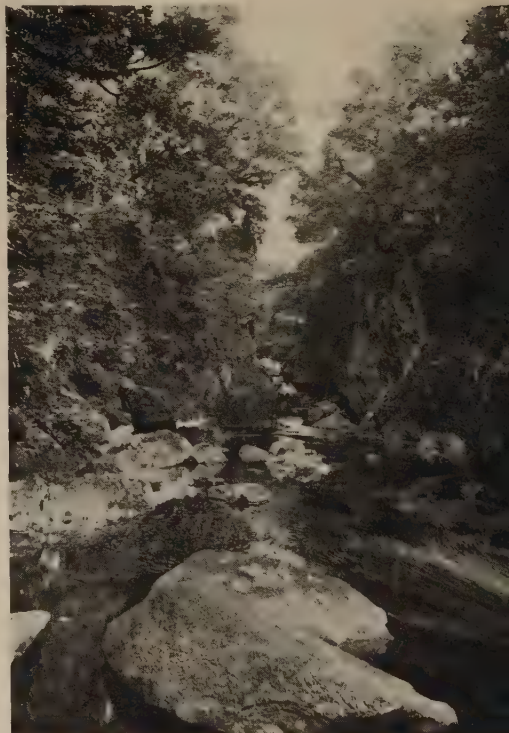
CROWNED BY IVY



DINGLE-DELL COTTAGE—LOWDON



GLEN SPAN



THE DEPTH OF THE DELL



BEHIND A GREEN SCREEN—SHROPSHIRE



A TWO-SPIRED CHURCH—PURTON



A WYSIDE VALLEY

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spect, by dividing England into two parts, giving two months of a summer to one part, and going again for two months the following year to take up the journey where it was left off.

An itinerary for such a journey is not necessary here, for the reason that it would be too diffuse. But a perusal of the great English guide books will enable a better tour to be planned. These suggestions confine themselves to England, though Wales is very much more striking in its bold and rugged mountain scenery. The appeal of England is not the appeal of grandeur, nor is it that bad thing, grandiose. It is toned down, quiet, educated scenery. There are other lines, also very satisfactory, on which travel may be planned. A delightful method is to follow architectural styles, making that the prime quest. Another is a specializing on cottages and manors, leaving out the mansions.

A tour devoted to archeological research alone, to Saxon, Roman and Celtish work, will fill a good summer.

A tour in which scenery alone is the quest, or a pilgrimage to seats of learning, or a long summer given to the arts of England, each has its appeal.

It is so good a thing to become a thorough student in one of these lines, because thus other branches of interest become more interesting and illuminative. It is impossible to know any one thing well without gaining a wide collateral knowledge to buttress the specialty.

A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLAND

THERE are many Americans who wisely determine that a journey to England every summer, or every other summer is capable of enriching life more than any other external method. England's riches in many departments of life are such that it will be generations before we

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can overtake her. In the ancient monuments, architectural and other, of course, we can never vie with her. But, America is rapidly becoming enriched by following up many of the good lines of English building.

Two months in England for twenty years will not put one in full possession, of course, of her best contributions to human weal. But such a continuous imbibing of the best fountains of human knowledge will go far to make America mean more to us. If the continent is taken in alternate years the breadth of culture that may result should make the serious traveler a citizen whose value to America will be great indeed.

Journeys like these may enable one to remain, perhaps with the children of the family, a month in a place, until its atmosphere becomes natural and a profound understanding of one's surrounding may result on the part of the always avid and delighted student. There is little danger that the traveler will become weaned from America. It is usually the dodger, the idler, who expatriates himself. But in America it is comparatively easy to do things; to graft upon American home and municipal life whatever is inherently and permanently good in English life.

One is not saying that the natural beauties of America should be slighted. The author who has written a dozen volumes on America, would be the last to make little of our beloved and wonderful homeland. But this is the position we ought to take: America is so great, her future is so tremendous, so expansive, that we cannot afford to allow her to lack any sort of feature, that has approved itself to the wisdom of ages. An America less beautiful, less compelling in admiration than she should be, is easily conceivable, might result from centering on herself. She is too great to neglect anything whatever, in any land, that can contribute to adorn her and to make her intrinsically more worthy. We have adopted from England many excellent features of her life. Some of these features are the best present expressions of a fine civilization. We have also adopted some trends or kept some tendencies that we ought to slough

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off. But there yet remain many delightful, yes, even necessary, features of English life whose hold in America is slight indeed, so much so as scarcely to influence society. These tendencies, these aspects of thought, these constructions can all be helped along by the American who is cognizant of their importance. It is the privilege of the returned traveler to adopt for his own and to assist communities in the adoption of desirable English phases. Reference is not made here to the entirely un-American aristocratic system by which the menage of some wealthy persons copies an English type, often the best spared of those things which we left over the great pond. But courts and public works and embellishments, the decorative arts, careful thinking, public and private orderliness, the use of leisure, the kind of type that is England at its best, the vital germinal current of English life, we cannot easily absorb overmuch.

A few Americans may consider that when they have adopted the broad *a*, and have docked the terminal *g* and the tails of their horses, made their lanes narrow and their fences high, that they are very English. The fringe is always what the barbarian likes best. The solid qualities are not observed or desired.

It is not true however that England is better read, as a whole, or more devoted to "higher and better things" than America. It has been shown that great books have an American sale, not two to one for Great Britain, as the populations would warrant, but from four up to ten to one. And the colored people of America who are so recently freed and have often had meager opportunity really make it proper to compare the ratios still more to the advantage of America. We have far better periodicals with vastly larger circulation than are to be found in England. If it were not for America many British authors would live on short commons, while as it is they are, when well known, very well-to-do. The Englishman requires to have his superiority complex, in this respect, punctured. The

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superiority of England lies not in mechanical, not in present-day cultural lines, but in her possession, as a storehouse of the immense accumulations of many generations of English. The cumulative effect of their building, their physical culture features, their history, traditions and art and literature are the superiority of England. She has rested too heavily on the past; she is weighted by institutionalism, she has lost in the readiness to accept state aid, that sturdy, independent spirit which has made her what she is.

THE CRUISE OF THE THAMES

ENGLAND may be seen to great advantage on her rivers, as the English are very much at home when they are afloat. As the Thames has more features of interest on its banks than any other stream it is selected for boating tours. There is no other manner of seeing the towns on the Thames. The author tried motoring but it was a dismal failure, more completely lacking interest than any other journey in Britain.

The Thames is small, by American standards, and in that fact lies its charm. As it flows through the heart of England the important features throng on one, and for that reason it is no place for speed boats. The current is not rapid except after great rains. One does the river by public or private boat, the latter being much the better. Yet, since the steamboats make frequent landings, one may make a stay as long as it is found agreeable to do so. The essential matter to remember is to make no hard and fast itinerary. It will be found that one does not care to remain long or at all, where his schedule calls for a pause; on the other hand something will catch his eye and induce a stay where none was provided for.

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The rowboat gives place, always, to the larger craft, and boats going upstream keep near the banks, leaving the center for descending craft.

The Thames is famous for its little inns. In fact large ones should be avoided as they have no flavor of the old life. The little inns are good, because they entertain people accustomed to good conditions.

There are many guidebooks, specially devoted to the river; also stories tying together the greatest historic events. Such are *Vincent's Story of the Thames*, and *Salter's Guide*. Kingston is the point of departure. Down stream from that point one is too much in the city and its jumble of river traffic. Boats may be hired with or without an oarsman, and with or without power. One may go up by steamer and float back by rowboat. One may take provisions and a mattress and a storm cover. The journey is so popular that every taste may be suited and at moderate charges.

The American will be amazed to find many fishermen on the river. While the fishing is not really good it is remarkable that there is any, since, an unusual thing in England, it is free, with exceptions. The American should inquire regarding those exceptions because persons who own fishing rights have very strict laws on their side. Permits to fish at the weirs are issued by the Thames Conservancy office. Also, of course, there are close seasons. And at any rate one will not wish to fish until well up the stream.

The boat races are held in July, and early August, the precise dates being available in the newspapers, so that the regattas may be attended or eschewed according to taste and leisure.

Above the bridge of Kingston is Molesey Lock, where the American has the novel experience of having his craft pulled up on rollers. Tagg's Island has refreshments and games.

Even the next lock, at Sunbury, six miles up, has the same contrivance. St. George's Hill is seen on the Surrey Side (south).

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Caesar made a bold incursion into Britain. Judged by modern standards it was "purely political." He deemed that he would gain prestige at Rome by the reputation of having passed the Channel and fought against the tribes of Britain. He is reputed to have crossed the Thames here, at Cowey Stakes. It is certain that Roman piles, that is their stubs, were found in recent times in French rivers. Whether that is the reason for the name in this case does not appear, but the story is that Cassivellaunus opposed him here in vain.

Above Shipperton Lock one may turn aside to explore the Wey, from Weybridge, for fifteen miles. The scenery is delightful on this side trip, and the important points of view, Godalming and Basingstoke, repay one well, though the locks are so generally disused that, as everybody is busy (?) in England, assistance in working them is not always available. The canoeist may "carry" American fashion.

On the Thames again: at Laleham on the north side is the birth and burial place of Matthew Arnold. Staines Bridge is a handsome structure, fifteen miles from Kingston.

King John probably signed Magna Charta not at the island of that name but on Runnymede (what a perfect name for a meadow with a brook!).

We reach Berkshire to the south, now, and Beaumont College, once the home of that strange personality, Warren Hastings. Old Windsor Lock and Datchet, where Shakespeare had Falstaff take his involuntary bath in the river, above the Albert Bridge, is followed by the Home Park, Victoria Bridge and Romney Lock till Windsor Bridge, opposite the famous Eton School, is reached.

The castle is best seen from the water. In fact that is the only good view. And here one may pause to visit this vast pile, which, when we take account of its size, location, age, associations, surroundings, gradual development and the treasures and relics it contains, is easily first among

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the palaces or castles of the whole world. It embodies English history more completely than any other edifice. It alone may rightly make an English king proud, even if he had no other palace. As a national monument it is the very heart of England.

No other nation has anything like Windsor. It has been a residence of monarchs for 850 years, a burial place for heroes and the shrine of their armor, the picture gallery of English worthies. Great architects have expended their skill here, through successive generations. Three kings at least have been kept captive here. Here some of the noblest princes have been born, married or died, and it is the chief burial place of English monarchs, who, in spite of the mediocrity of many of them and the downright stupidity of some of them, include more men of ability than the catalog which any other nation can present. For many of them were not merely kings but among the really great of any age, like the Conqueror, Edward I, Elizabeth, William, and, some think, Edward VII. Here "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is said to have been produced first. The town itself is decidedly of small account as compared with the castle, but a good town hall and carvings by Gibbons in the church of St. John, are worth attention. The castle itself is the best place in England to study the progress of castle building from the stern and terrible keep of the Norman to the later transformations into the perfect domestic style of Tudor architecture. There is a river entrance, by the Hundred Steps, or, landward, by Henry VIII's Gate.

The Lower Ward is usually available to visitors, and is free. Americans should not think strange of an admission charge to some parts of the castle. The service involves an expense, and although one might think the British Empire should afford free access of the world to its central glory they "never have done so in England," and it is fair enough that those should pay who desire to make the visit. Again, besides being a national mecca the place is also a private residence, and even kings are

entitled to some respects, especially if they are kingly. Friday as a visiting day should be avoided as portions of the castle are then closed. Without touching on many important features, we cannot miss allusion to St. George's Chapel, built before Columbus came over, and even then on far older foundations. During three reigns this exquisite Perpendicular Gothic edifice rose. Those who may think the Gothic style gloomy find here greater light than any modern public edifice admits. The chapel is really a church, especially for the Knights of the Garter, the blazonry of whose arms embellishes the interior, where they were initiated and dedicated to their profession. Beyond this beautiful chapel is the Albert Memorial Chapel, whose vicissitudes form a piquant page in English history. Designed first for Henry VII as a burial chapel it was given up for a tomb at Westminster. Given by Henry VIII to Wolsey it was prepared by him for a tomb of much splendor. But when he fell into disfavor all that was changed. The civil wars saw that tomb defaced and nearly obliterated. A mob made angry by the observance of the Roman ritual under James II wrecked the chapel, and not until George III desired it for his own burial place was it restored. Then under Victoria it was embellished as her husband's tomb, and named for him, and visitors are allowed to look in but not to go in. It contains much fine modern work in glass and marble, and in statuary.

Old William of Wykeham had his home at Windsor in Winchester tower while architect there, and also Chaucer, who, though known to us only as a poet, was what we should call engineer in charge of erection.

The famous Home Park as seen from the castle, with distant Eton and Stoke Poges, is one of the choicest views in England.

The State Apartments, if one is so happy as to arrive when access may be had, are notable for a great number of works by the most celebrated old masters. The Guard Room is filled with banners, swords, armor, statuary, pictures of commanders in England's wars. The Recep-

tion and Throne Rooms, the Waterloo Chamber, are all on a scale of magnificence in decoration fitting to the greatness, pride and genius of the nation.

The inner apartments are filled with notable works of art but are not open except by special favor.

The Home Park has a circumference of four miles and the Great Park is accessible. There are many larger estates in England, but no edifice, in this and perhaps in any era, ever surpassed it, if it was an equal. The age of the British Empire and its old dominions in many lands, have worked to produce a palace whose wealth of mementoes of the early time is unmatched. The story of the private gifts and possessions of English sovereigns becomes more or less sordid, and savors of the orient when we know how catalogers perspire on listing these curios which none ever see except the royal circle. But those relics with a public meaning and accessible at times to the public are a legitimate and even excellent treasure. Starchey has opened to us some views of the private life of Victoria which are not altogether admirable. What then?

Few persons could bear without diminished respect, the fierce light that beats on a throne.

Returning from Windsor to the Thames, in about six miles we reach Maidenhead. From there onward for miles the river is at its best. Boulter's Lock is rendezvous of a crowd on holidays. Forests, gardens, bridges, locks, all forming together sweet pictures of a bright, teeming life in a setting of gentle beauty. Bisham Abbey was the place of Elizabeth's confinement for three years. Perhaps that experience had something to do with her decisions when she became a queen.

Passing the village of Hurley, worth a visit, and Medmenham Abbey, Hambleden, back from the river, is found forty-two miles from Kingston. The Regatta Island and numerous houseboats, and we cross into Oxfordshire from Bucks, at Inigo Jones Structure, Fawley Court.

Henley, on the north, of boating fame is followed by Marsh Locks, one of those quiet beautiful back waters of which several in the course of the tour are found, ideal for a soft day in autumn.

Sonning Lock and village are celebrated for their charms. There is also an old bridge and church, so that the attractions invite an overnight pause.

Caversham Lock and Bridge connect with near-by Reading, the first large city. Its chief importance for the visitor is its proximity to Silchester, the only Roman city in Britain with great extent of walls and a full plan open to study. Of course this involves a considerable side trip from the river. But the importance and romantic subject is too good to pass by. Here too are remains of a church of the old Roman day, which though uncovered have been covered again, a common thing in England, but perhaps nowhere else. Pre-Saxon churches furnish of course the Protestant argument for an independent church.

This city, or what was a city, was large, and the most important Roman ruin in the island.

The Duke of Wellington's place, Stratfield Saye House, presented as a tribute of respect by the nation is near.

At various small river mouths, such as that of the Kennet near Caversham Lock, one may make cross-country tours. This particular one leads by river or canal to Newbury and Bath, passing some of the most interesting small cities of England.

Keeping to the Thames we pass Mapledurham Lock, notable for its beauty and the proximity of the Blount manor house. The river becomes very fine here. Hardwicke House, Whetechurch, Gornig, Stretley, closely follow to Cleeve Lock, above which the Oxford boats race. South Stoke has an early English church.

Wallingford, about seventy miles from our starting point, is historic for the treaty of Stephen with Henry II. Only three miles distant is

Ewelme, a village with many attractions, so much so indeed as to be reputed the most beautiful for many miles about. Its public buildings, especially the church, have an interest in themselves and for the remarkable monuments they contain.

Beyond Wallingford is Benson, the old royal seat of King Offa of Mercia. The river winds about the Wittenham Clumps, two hills whose varied outlines, as we progress, add to the beauty of the scene.

Shillingford Bridge has a popular inn, and two miles beyond it the Thame has its entry into the Thames. Small craft may navigate this stream for some distance. Above it the romantic, but usual, name of the Thames is Isis, much affected by Oxonians. At Day's Lock a path leads from the north bank to Dorchester, which was Roman and Saxon, and a cathedral city in the early middle ages. The Abbey Church at the Thame bridge is peculiar in architecture but exquisite in several features, especially the choir and the Jesse window. There is much old glass.

Back from Clifton Lock is Long Wittenham, another delightful village. From Culham Lock a bridge leads to Sutton Courtenay, even finer than the last mentioned village.

Abingdon's bridge is Gothic, early 15th century. We are in the midst of a very old world, mellowed and glorified by the touch of time. Nuneham Park is superbly attractive, and may be entered on application, but there is enough beside that to engage us. We go on to Sandford Lock and Iffley Church, the features of which are more purely Norman than we can find elsewhere in England, in a state as perfect. It is a suburb of Oxford. The river hereabouts is given to boathouses and craft used by the college crews.

There is no reason to bring the river trip to an end at Oxford as most persons do. But since the stream is somewhat difficult to row against when there is enough water for the journey, it is better to go to Lechdale and float down. The boat should be arranged for at Oxford. This.

upper stream, being smaller, is still better than the lower reaches. But continuing upward from Oxford, at Osney Lock begins the Oxford Canal, by which another considerable section of England may be visited. The method has the advantage that all views are best from the water. On the Thames, St. Frideswide's Well and the nunnery of Fair Rosamond and Wytham Abbey are passed.

Many locks follow, and at Cumner, connected with the tale of Amy Robsart, one may pause awhile. Stanton Harcourt ought also to be visited. Below, New Bridge, so-called, is one of the oldest in England. A half dozen bridges or locks bring us to Kelmscott, made famous by William Morris, and it is also his burial place. We find ourselves now skirting Gloucestershire. We have crossed England. Beyond Lechdale is the disused Thames and Severn Canal and a few miles more Kempford's fine church and Crickdale.

The old canals belong to the time when the English planned to make all their inward water accessible. It was the early dream of transportation. There is still no better or sweeter leisure than to see England by water. Without dust or road dangers, coming only on the old and mellower world, without haste, it is an excellent scheme for old or young, honeymooners or harvest mooners. Of course it is still done.

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